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FROM A BOOK FUND COMMEMORATING
RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN
CLASS OF 1931

It's a sad thing
when a man is to be so soon forgotten
And the shining in his soul
gone from the earth
With no thing remaining;

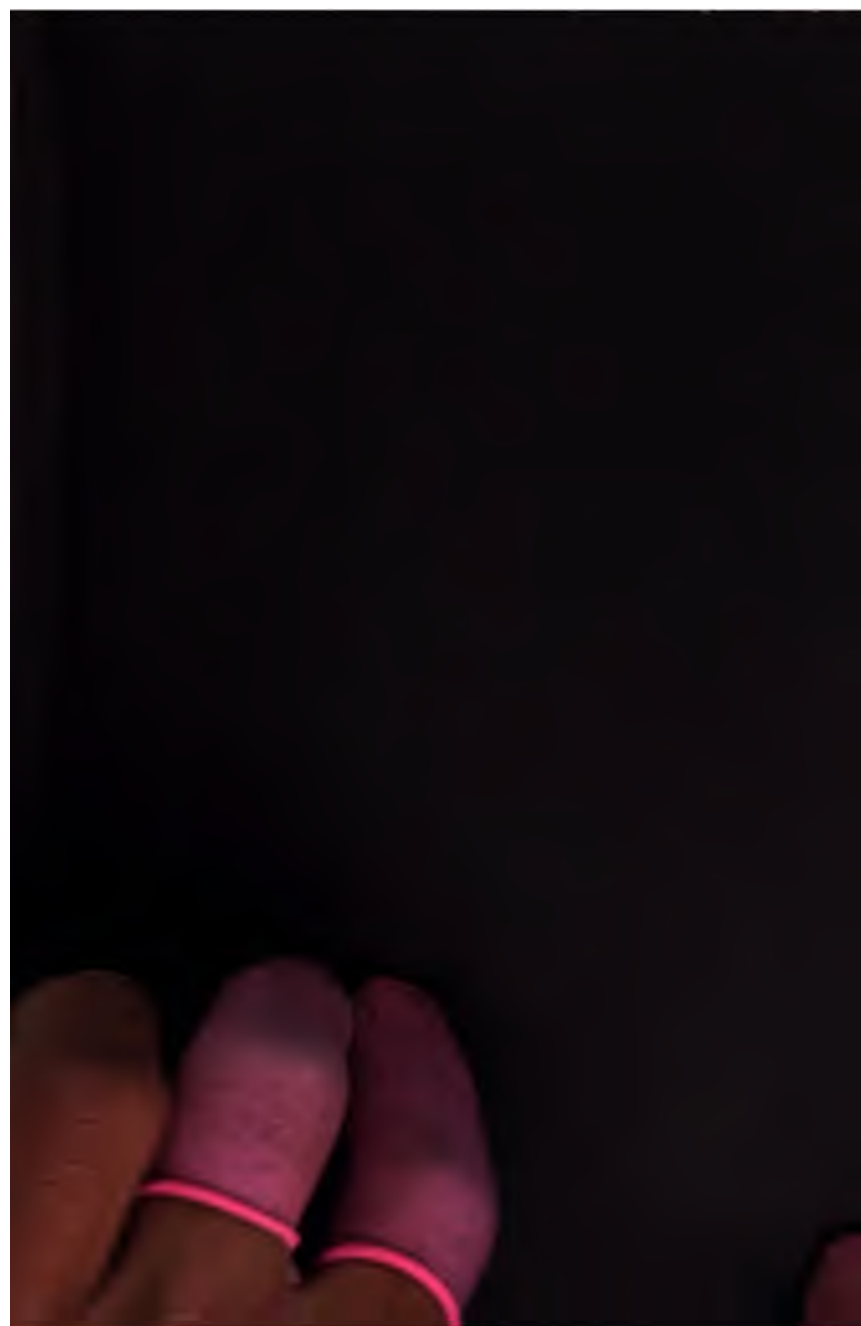
And it's a sad thing
when a man shall die
And forget love
which is the shiningness of life;

But it's a sadder thing
that a man shall forget love
And he not dead but walking in the field
of a May morning
And listening to the voice of the thrush.

— R.G.A., in *A Yearbook of
Stanford Writing*, 1931

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J. G. Warden

1880

THE POEMS

OF

FRANCIS HEYWOOD WARDEN

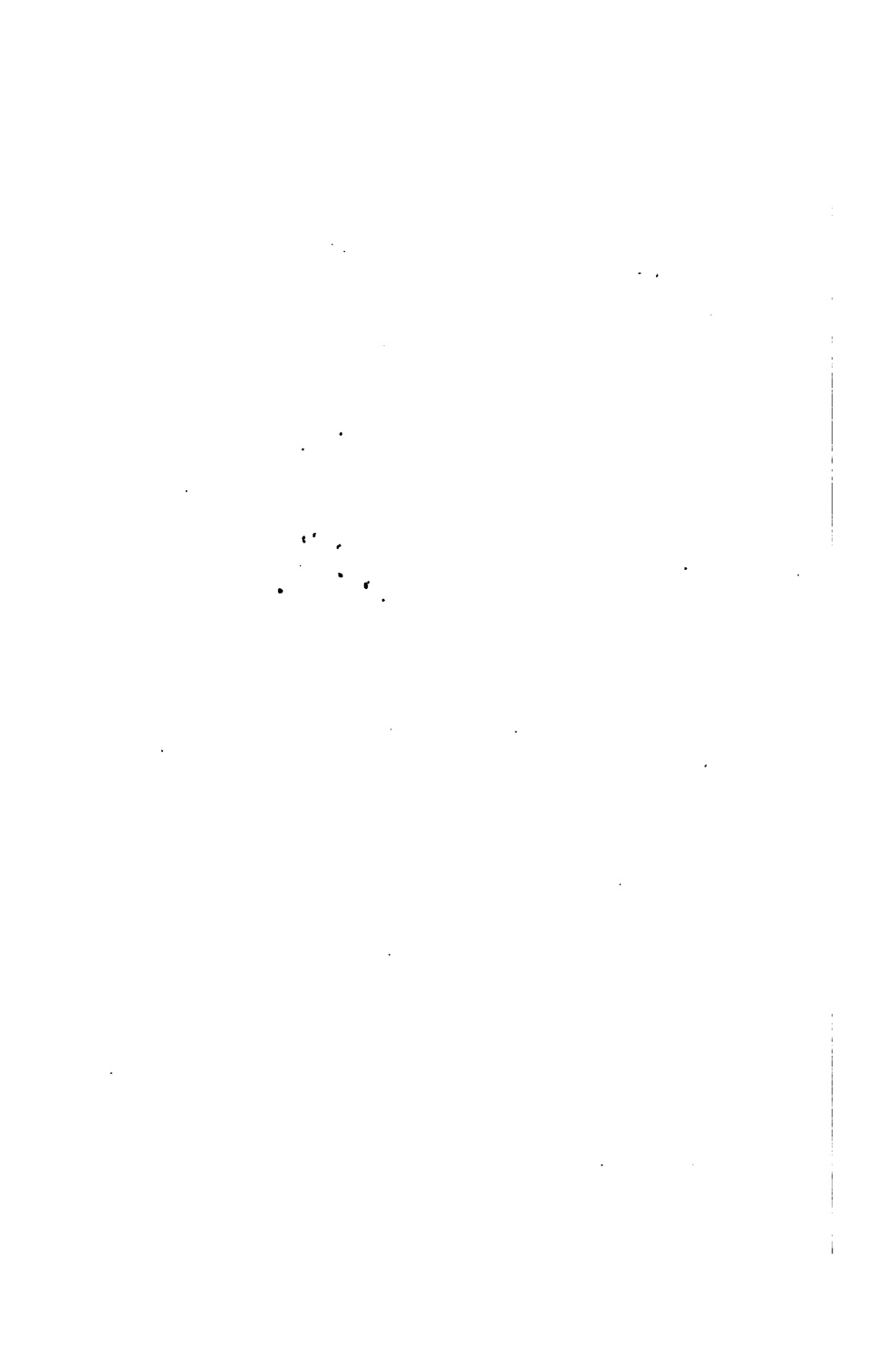
THE POEMS
OF
FRANCIS HEYWOOD WARDEN

WITH A NOTICE BY DR VANROTH



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EDINBURGH AND LONDON
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MEMOIR

MEMOIR OF F. H. WARDEN.

ON the 13th of February 1884, at Perella, a small town on the eastern slopes of the Apennines, died Francis Heywood Warden, after an illness of some months' duration, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. His life had been a varied, if not an eventful one: born and brought up in his parents' country (as indeed he was English of the English to the last), he had spent his earliest manhood in Mexico and North America, then some time in northern India, and finally two or three years at various places on the continent of Europe. I have not the material, nor am I desired, to enter into details about his private circumstances; but it may be necessary for the comprehension of part

of this volume to say that he was not possessed of private means, or rather of means sufficient to satisfy his wants; and that the commercial occupation to which he had consequently bound himself, though it would not have been irksome to a man of other tastes and sympathies, was yet a constant trial to him. He regarded it simply as an arrangement which he had effected with his fellow-creatures for the supply of his necessities while on earth: not a good arrangement, he said, but the best that he could make. I am far from praising such sentiments: in fact, being only a medical man of ordinary capacity, I scarcely understand them. Of this I am sure—that the humblest member, be he but earnest and single-hearted, of a great and beneficent profession, may regard as the reverse of enviable, abilities, however brilliant, accompanied by feelings like these. But in Mr Warden, the selfishness (for I can use no other term) which dominated his character had developed in a way which, if it left room for regret on his own account, yet did not require from others the reprobation usually attached to the

word. I do not wish to put forward a plea on his behalf before a tribunal to which he never appealed ; or to say anything in discharging my trust which would provoke, were he still living, a scornful repudiation. But, to render a just judgment possible, I may observe that a sufficiently high—if the reader pleases, an absurdly exaggerated—estimate of himself will sometimes lead a man to behave practically much as if he was controlled by strict and lofty principle. The answer to temptation in such cases is not dictated by considerations of abstract virtue, or of the effect of this or that action upon others : it is the peremptory reply of the Roman philosopher—*Major sum, et ad majora genitus*. “What so great need to do anything for your fellow-creatures ?” said Mr Warden to me once ; “let a man seek to do nothing unworthy of himself.” Perhaps it will be understood that a character of this kind is capable of commanding respect, and does not forbid of affection : though the rule of conduct is to be denounced as most perverse and dangerous. There can be no confidence in a man

who acts from such motives, and who considers no judgment but his own ; for it is impossible to be sure that in any given conjuncture he will not hold himself entitled to neglect the moral law which all others recognise. And more than this, for one who can regulate his course with moderate safety by the light which himself has kindled, a hundred weaker and less skilful pilots, attempting to follow the fatal example, will come to speedy and utter shipwreck.

Not long before his death, Mr Warden was pressed by certain of his admirers to make arrangements for the publication of such literary trifles and fragments as he might leave. That a complete production of any length would be found was not expected, as he had always said that since the world considered corn-jobbing the best use to which it could put him, he should not give it any work of a higher class *gratis*. The remark, taken by itself, might seem to imply a sordid and bargaining temperament ; but I must endeavour to prevent such a misconception. Some views

which Mr Warden entertained were such as would suggest themselves to no one without being stated. He certainly did consider that the public as a body was under an obligation to provide liberally for his wants, with no exertion of his own: had this duty been performed, he would, I suppose, have admitted a corresponding one in himself. Indeed he was neither profuse nor avaricious, and in easy circumstances would probably have endeavoured to turn to the best use, whether in a literary or a business life, the talents which he possessed. As it was, he wrote desultory scraps for his own amusement; and of the little that he wrote he destroyed the greater portion. It was highly characteristic of him, when the request above mentioned was made, to intrust the charge, not to any of those who desired it, but to myself, who had not known him for two years, and who was in the most imperfect sympathy with him on nearly all subjects, besides being a very incompetent judge of letters, and especially of poetry.

Of the prose essays and *quasi* romances

which I found among the papers handed over to me, most are so fragmentary, and some so incomprehensible, as to render it unlikely that any good purpose would be served by their publication : an opinion in which Mr Warden's friends have, after some demur, agreed. At the same time I may say that, so far as my own judgment is of any value, the writer was more capable, had he condescended to serious application, of doing himself justice in prose than in verse. The fragments to which I refer abound in passages of unusual grace and power, and the tone is one of uniform elevation throughout. Even a man of the world like myself cannot read a page without perceiving that this is no ordinary competitor for ephemeral praise and gain, but (to quote from another connection his own impressive words) "a spirit of far different mental stature, that surveys a wider landscape, and moves to statelier measures."

With regard to the verses now published, I shall say little except in the way of external comment. I have no knowledge as to the

number of those that have appeared in print before: evidently a certain proportion have, and a few ("The Butternut Ranks," for example) were found in print, though in only one or two cases could it be known from what periodical they had been cut. Similarly, while notes made at or after composition are to be met with on almost every sheet, the cases are very rare in which the original date of a poem is ascertainable. In arranging the poems for publication, I have placed all fragments at the end; and immediately before them, in a class apart, all such verses as are professedly translations or imitations. How many such there may be, however, in the earlier part of the volume, I do not profess to know; for Mr Warden considered himself entitled to imitate and appropriate anything that he chose, provided only that he pleased himself in the result. As regards imitations, his own strong personality seems generally to have thrust itself to the front, and prevented his producing anything very like the original. It is therefore, with several of the poems, not easy to say

whether they were intended for imitations, or whether he merely availed himself of his ordinary licence.

There are not wanting, to those who knew the author, indications in the completed poems of their approximate chronological order, which I have accordingly followed. Indeed, had all the verses been of the type of some characteristic earlier ones, I should probably have considered myself absolved by their nature from my undertaking. "The Cynic Amphitryon" is quite objectionable enough, from a religious point of view, when its meaning is perceived: but it is nothing to the terrible verses thinly disguised under the title "Swift at Moor Park." I will not speak of the contempt for mankind which breathes throughout this piece; but what can equal the direct impeachment of the Almighty—

"This from high Heaven I claim to know—
Who gave the right to place me here!"

And the final lines of the stanza contain the last blasphemy that man can utter to his Creator—

"Never Oblivion sinned so deep
'Twas just with *this* to break its sleep."

Let me answer these dreadful sentiments with a passage from a prose fragment of Mr Warden's own,—words ascribed indeed to an imaginary personage, but in which the writer must evidently have sympathised. "When I considered," says a visitor to the fair city of Sarone, "that this happy condition was not attained yesterday, nor to be lost to-morrow; that it had been that of many previous, and would be that of many future, generations: above all, when I reflected that to this favoured race the greatest blessing and consolation of all is vouchsafed, and that they maintain a glorious eminence for devotion to our sacred religion;—my heart swelled with thankfulness, and I acknowledged that the present life also is a noble gift of God, for which they only can refuse gratitude who themselves wilfully mar and debase it."

As I have said, there is ample evidence in the poems of an advance to a wiser and better frame of mind. The change is very striking

in the beautiful lines entitled "Daybreak": though here too, as indeed to the end, are evident the writer's pride and isolation of thought, no less than his hatred for the earthly frailties and passions which beset and often prevailed against him. When he shakes himself free from these—free even from his strong natural appreciation of physical beauty—a single stroke of wing bears him to the highest. One moment we are discussing the not very interesting fortunes of a dead fish: the next—

"Suns, the furthest off that glow
From this round of gloom below,
Glittering lamps and unveiled ether,
Thou canopy of stormless weather!
Beyond your glories, and the flight,
With shadowy change, of day and night,
Where the pure spirit finds a home,
Nor changes are, nor shadows come:"

we are dizzy with the breathless ascent. I do not mean to assert that Mr Warden was a poet,—it was not a character to which he would have laid claim even had he been qualified to do so. But poetical excellence is not everything; and if his rhymes, rough

and halting as they may be, are taken as they were intended—for vehicles of thought—I think the power and loftiness of the mind which speaks through them will invest them to many with sufficient interest.

There is no doubt that the last piece which Mr Warden wrote is that entitled "The Sleeper." He was then conscious of approaching death; and if the wisdom of Providence denies to one of our race, in his last hours, the stay of a sure and definite faith, we can perhaps scarcely wish him a purer and brighter creed, with all its vagueness and mysticism, than is there shadowed forth. This man, audacious sceptic as he was, doubted not of his own high spiritual nature, nor of a future beyond the grave. Surely there is room for hope that his errors were venial beside the deep reality of faith and aspiration which spoke constantly in language that Christians too may employ.

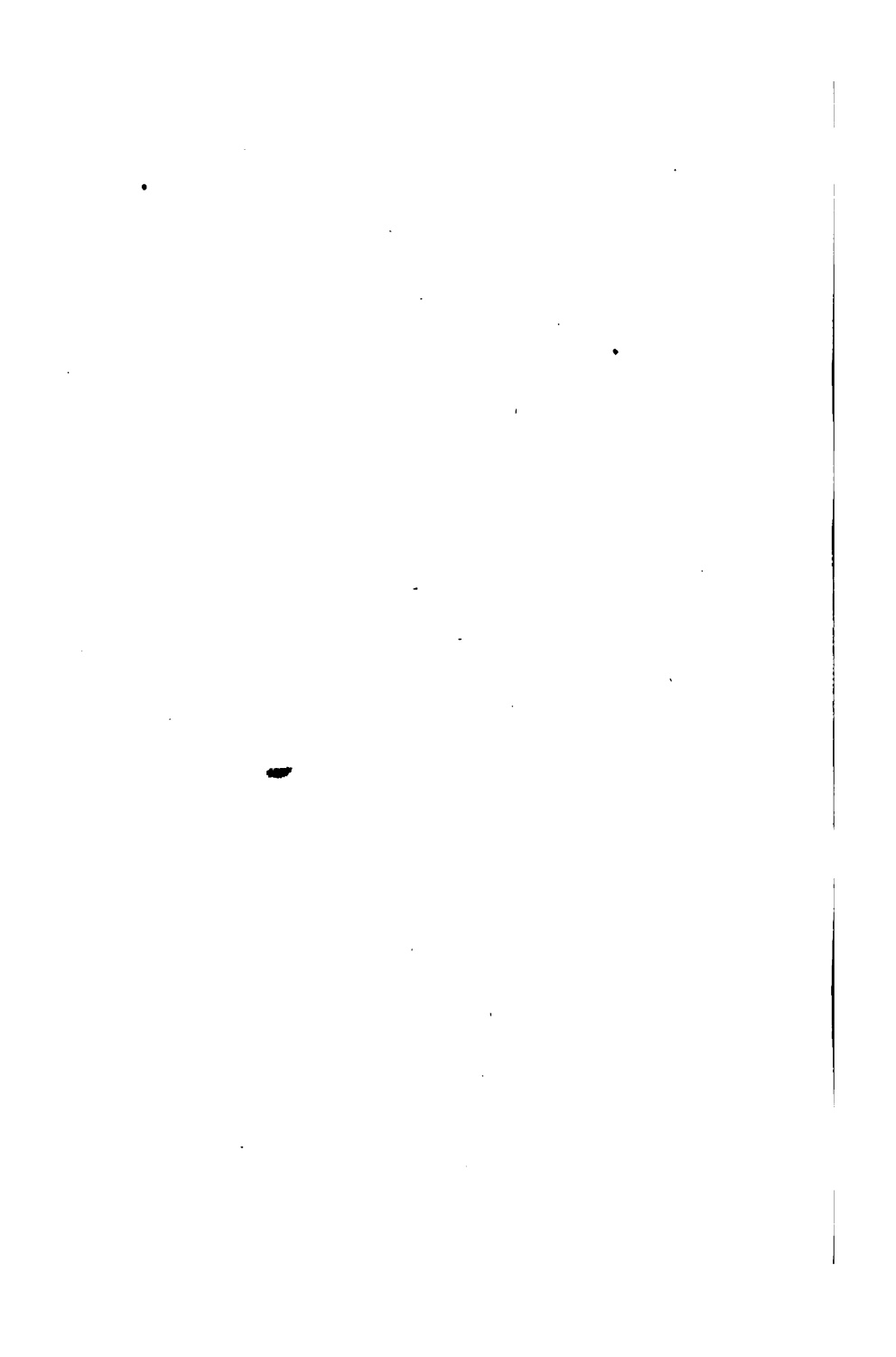
"Enough : that happiness is his, we trust,
Which he in signs had sung,
But not conceivable to thinking dust,
Nor told by babbling tongue."

I should add that among the shorter fragments at the end of the book may possibly be found one or two which are not really by Mr Warden. I must tender apologies beforehand in case any such mistake has occurred. As I have already said, my own acquaintance with published poetry is not intimate; and whether or not any of the scraps in Mr Warden's desk are the unpublished work of other writers, is quite impossible to tell, as they bear no name, and the supposition that they may be is only based on the fact that several of them are not in his handwriting. At the same time, it does not appear why any piece not by himself should be fragmentary; and some are partly in one handwriting and partly in another. I can only express my readiness to correct any error that may be pointed out to me.

OCTAVIUS VANROTH.

PART I.

COMPLETED POEMS



LINES

SUGGESTED BY A HISTORICAL PICTURE.

IN the vain and passionate hours of crying
For joys down fallen as the dead leaves fall,
When the face of the heavens is a black
denying,
And we will strive not at the mad world's call
For the wreath of lovers or the warrior's pall :
In the wail of the wind blowing shrilly and
bleak,
Amid white spectres that hover and shriek,
Waving arms, tossing locks—but in shadow
outlined,
For the frozen moon glitters unbroken behind—
Yet a breath may stir and a blast enkindle
The fires of the soul that smoulder and dwindle,
Till Life, that was god, makes a godhead of
Death,
And Passion, rising from the lurid glare,
Grasps the shield in his left hand, the sword
in his right,
And strides ever swifter in the deepening night
With footfall of thunder and with flaming hair.

THE PESSIMIST PHILOSOPHER
TO HIS LOVE.

“**W**ISE, but austere and cold.” My critic
fair,

The world of men, whose outward looks and
ways

I for a coarse and daily mantle wear,

Will think your blame as idle as your praise.

Yet, granting better knowledge, clearer sight,

What would you have? or how can I do more

Than make a fancied morning in the night

With senseless revellers on a crumbling
shore?

Laugh I not constantly, and talk and jest?

Are my looks scornful, or my accents rough?

I am of them, they say, and like the rest:

One of the people. Is not this enough?

I cannot blind my eyes, that see too clear
The angry darkness full of threatening forms,
Nor stop my ears, and wholly cease to hear
The rising waters and uprolling storms.

Far, far beyond this country have I swept,
Nor found a resting-place, but here returned :
Some trace my countenance may well have kept
Of love in realms untraversable learned.

And marks may surely on that brow be scanned
Which in the fruitless quest of truth and
right
Was bent to search, with stern and long demand,
The fiery depth and the resplendent height.

Peace ! let me be. For I have chosen my part,
And would not change it with the blithest
here:

Of Love desireless is no human heart,
But Love walks ever with his shadow Fear.

NOBLE JUDGMENT.

IF one who bravely falls declare
He would not thus have died,
As the sharp pangs his bosom tear,
And spasms rack his side,
Oh think not this should overweigh
The worth of his unstricken day,
Nor count the moan from anguish wrung
As really from the warrior's tongue.

Let healing art his life restore
But memory clear remain,
Then place him in the front once more
To fly, or brave the pain :
In scorn that you should doubt him so,
He proves against the fiercest foe
Which was exhausted suffering's voice,
And which his soul's unaltered choice.

So in whate'er, though ending sore,
Was yet determined well,
Wherein we viewed our doom before
And dared, and daring fell,
Alike apart from will and deed
Are lips that move, and limbs that bleed,
Their weakness marked by him alone
Who ne'er had made such fate his own.

BY THE SEA.

THE anthem rolls from plunging waves
And winds that shake the solid crag,
The thunders of a thousand caves
Down all the wild shore never flag :
And still the sable clouds roll up,
And still the lightning streaming high,
Floods, like the spilling of a cup,
With liquid flame the midnight sky.

I stand beside the shrieking piers
Where jutting boulders cleave the sea,
Each living thing the tempest fears
No stormy petrel here may be :
Behold, an eagle seized and slain
Far up, by unseen bolt or blast,
With glittering rush the foaming plain
Divides—that prone flight was his last.

But souls more troubled than this scene,
And fretting pride unsafely ruled,
By these wave-mountains vast and green
Thus ruin-tossed are calmed and cooled ;
And while from rock and wave they draw
A sympathy none else can give,
Tormented by their being's law;
Yet learn in seeming peace to live.

LINES.

BLOOMS that in the sunshine languish,
 Perish oft beneath the shower ;
 Hearts that break in hours of anguish
 Would have pined in fortune's hour :
 Though we blame the world around us,
 We ourselves are hard to please,
 Who arraign the hand that bound us
 Fast to sorrow and disease.

Were it but disease and sorrow,
 Could no other ills assail,
 Men from outward change might borrow
 Comfort that should oft avail :
 Shadowy night, the day subduing,
 Yields again to happy morn,
 But the soul is aye pursuing
 Visions of a world unborn.

EDUCATION.

THE music and fresh scent that fill
 Clear-echoing caves by breezy seas,
 Are borne along the rugged hill
 And far through glades of inland trees
 Nor on the icy peak,
 Nor in the clefts below,
 Is it forbidden eye and ear
 At times to see, at times to hear
 The voices of the margent speak,
 And sunlit waters flash and flow.

The land of cold and barren lives
 Is girdled by a shining ocean
 Of fame that worthily survives—
 Of valour, pride, and pure emotion :
 And even the labourer's days
 Were not without delight,
 If only from the crystal flood
 Of song and story grand and good,
 A lustre of reflected rays
 Made something of his journey bright.

'Tis this, and not to overload
With fruitless fact the weary brain,
That, Statesmen doubting of the road,
Is yet the goal and end to gain :
And if in this ye fail,
Let Want and Care and Grief
Account you fellow-fools with those
Who to appease a world of woes
Lisp verses to a peacock's tail,
And languish o'er a rose's leaf.

THE BUTTERNUT RANKS.

ARISE, and let the sword be drawn, the sword
 our fathers drew,
 When once before their stout arms cleft a
 foreign bondage through ;
 Let Gulf to Border shout again the patriot cry
 that rose
 When Freedom first on Western fields pre-
 vailed o'er mightier foes.

Chorus.

*Hurrah for the cause that our arm shall
 defend,
 That kindles our heart and shall brighten our
 end !
 Hurrah ! the lance gleams and the musket
 clanks ;
 Tramp—tramp—'tis the march of the But-
 ternut Ranks.*

Shall we, whom England failed to bring
beneath her lordly sway,
Who drove her conquering armies back on
many a hard-fought day,
Yield up our ancient privilege to marts of oil
and pork,
To cringing curs of Boston town, and jobmen
of New York?

Chorus.

We boasted of our liberty,—now Earth derides
our shame,
And hears in harsh insulting tones the rascal
North proclaim
That never liberty was ours—that chained we
lie and lay
Beneath their feet, unable thence to rise or
break away.

Chorus.

But hark! from Carolinian halls resounding
fierce and high,
Defiance rolls through clouds of gloom his
proud and prompt reply,
And the great echo sweeps afar, nor aught its
might can meet,
Where'er along our sunny shore the sea's free
waters beat.

Chorus.

Georgia is here, and Florida, and more are mustering round,
And now Virginia undeterred speaks with no doubtful sound;
How glorious, if the right prevail! if sorrow track the free,
The Virgin state, more glorious yet, the Martyr state shall be!

Chorus.

But first shalt writhe on fields of blood, and fill full many a grave,
The sinners against Nature's law, the ruffian and the slave,
Nor ever see their foul desire, (and be their name abhorred!)
The black man in our women's bed, and at our children's board.

Chorus.

Virginians, Georgians, seize your arms! If this ye would repel,
Let every town's alarum peal the curst invader's knell;
While forming on each peaceful plain and streaming thickly in,
Your hardy dalesmen muster fast and swell the warlike din.

Chorus.

Tremendous on the servile foe those patriot
files shall pour,
And vale and hill re-echo oft your triumph's
lofty roar;
But think not, even if fortune change, and
should the worst befall,
That ye who die have died in vain, or fate can
master all.

Chorus.

Though slave and foe rise up around, from
valiant sire to son
Pure from the puddle of their veins your fiery
blood shall run;
Your pride shall live, your memory glow deep
in a nation's heart,
And when the day of vengeance comes ye too
shall bear your part.

Chorus.

Then once again by height, by dale, by mighty
river's mouth,
Shall spring to arms and claim its own a free
united South;
And loud behind the flying foe the thundering
hymn shall rise,
That bears the glory of your name to unpol-
luted skies.

Chorus.

*Hurrah for the cause that our arm shall
defend,
Till triumph and freedom be ours in the end !
And the angels in heaven above give thanks,
At the victory-shout of the Butternut Ranks !*

SWIFT AT MOOR PARK.

YE ask why on my absent brow
 The cloud of darkness oft descends?
 Ye think I still should smile as now,
 And that were merrier, fair my friends
 After your ignorance ye err,
 Who to that gloom this mirth prefer.

So questioned, I will give reply
 Than your conjecture more exact,
 Partly to check your curious eye,
 And partly from authentic fact:
 And if my laughter wakes the while,
 Desire ye not that I should smile?

This from high Heaven I claim to know—
 Who gave the right to place me here
 A living man 'mid things of show,
 In blinded lands a vision clear?
 Never Oblivion sinned so deep,
 'Twas just with *this* to break its sleep.

Were what the various earth affords
Of pomp and pleasure, made my own,
And master of victorious swords
I ruled supreme, could this atone
For all the undefeated ills
That fly not him who rules and kills?

Not less would everything I prized
To dream and dust and mockery turn;
The lips I loved would grow despised,
Hate of my flesh within me burn:
Too well the unfilled void I know
If all were given. It is not so.

The base necessities of life
Hem in my soul on every side,
And thrust me forward in a strife,
Where triumph's self were fallen pride:
I am encompassed night and day
By clamouring tongues, and blare and bray.

I who had scarce, a changeless sphere,
Rolled happy on my glorious path,
Must almost hope, and almost fear,
And stoop to love, and swell with wrath
And labour for the vile demand,
The daily dues, of mouth and hand.

And though I hold this prison's key,
Yet think not I am free to tread
Beyond the mountains and the sea
To brighter planets of the dead :
For iron chains among you bind
No savage breast or ruthless mind.

Enough, that such departure hence
Would pierce one faithful heart with woe,
That some would grieve without pretence,
And weep that I in wrath should go :
Much are your lying creeds to blame,
But my clear path remains the same.

And therefore speak I with you now,
And therefore for a few short years
I watch you, puppets, perk and bow,
And dwell beside you as my peers :
But dream not on the eternal shore
That ye shall meet or vex me more.

KNOWN DESTINIES.

SUNSET'S unbeckoned ray
Softly faints and fades away,
Through illumined vistas drawn,
And the waves of quiet spring
Gliding to the river sing
Gently past a velvet lawn :
Lapsing water, eve divine,
Though *we* mourn their song and shine,
How should these departing pine,
Who on ways so peaceful go ?
Still, though far they haste and flee,
Still shall eve resplendent be,
Still in grace and melody
Oceanward the river flow.

THE CYNIC AMPHITRYON.

I DWELL in a desolate house
 On the cliffs of a muttering sea,
 And oft, like wandering clouds,
 Spectral and sheeted crowds
 Come in through the window and make carouse
 In the dead night-watch with me.

And ever my head swims light,
 Though my heart may stony be :
 I arose and laughed and said,
 "What matters alive or dead ?
 Ye are ten times ten, and I know not aright
 How many to count for me.

"'Tis sweet, the damp night air
 And the ponderous roll of the sea ;
 These bowls ye have seen before,
 Of the wine ye have ample store,
 But drink yet again, and the fairest fair .
 Shall measure a dance with me."

The spectres gibbered and sang,
They locked their arms in glee :
"Now here," they cried, "is mirth,
And a wine that tastes of earth ;
There is many a host that feasts our gang,
But never a one like thee."

Let them make a bold carouse,
My jest will merrier be ;
For whenever I stamp my foot,
This rock shall cleave to the root,
And thundering down, restore the house
To the cold oblivious sea.

RESUMPTION.

LEAD him forth. But three days past !
Who would have thought earth rolls so
fast ?

Three days ago we sat together,
Dined as we could on the starlit heather,
And he was next me, and with the best
Poured the bottle, and passed the jest.
A popular man—bore hardship well,
And cheered the mess with the tales he'd tell
Of what he had seen, and what had read :
Travelled and quick, with a well-filled head.
And I sat silent—was always a fool,
And known the dunce of my class at school.
Who would have counted us equal then
In aught that wins in the world of men ?
Alas ! for just this scratch on the brow,
Who would reckon us equal now ?

He was in front, and I behind
With a strong reserve in safety lined.
Yet he had enough to hold the post,
When sudden a cry—that the hill was lost.
And scarcely had I the time to shout
To the ranks to open and let the rout
Of the wildest fugitives pass, and then
Close up, and stand to the fight like men,
When, pale with terror and lost to shame,
Flying down the slope he came
Almost the foremost of all that fled.
And I, that rather had seen him dead,
Did all I could for him,—dashed across
His path,—said nought of the ridge's loss,
But pointed to my firm ranks, and cried
To turn, and charge again by my side.

'Twas over quicker than I can say :
He cursed me—struck me—and broke away.

The foe swarmed dark on the green hill's
crown,
But halted now before charging down.
Then the thunder of battle filled
My ears and soul, and the slow brain thrilled
With a furious fever through and through,
As the cannon roared and the trumpets blew.

I scarcely knew what I did : I shook
My sword in the air with a Bobadil look,
And yelled to the men, and on they came
Straight for the foe in his line of flame.
The bullets showered along the hill
But I heard the men behind me still,
And we were mad, and cared not a pin
For the raining death or the hellish din.
Some laughed outright in scorn and pride
As on we raced up the bare hillside,
And ere there was time to think at all,
We broke like fiends on the bayonet wall.
So some one cut me across the head
Just as I laid their leader dead :
I thought not of it, nor felt it then,
For a tremor ran down his line of men :
The noise grew less, but we made it more
With a pealing mad victorious roar,
And then they broke—and back they went
Over the ridge like a whirlwind sent,
And nothing was left but to hack and kill
Half-way down that murderous hill.
I rallied my troop,—and all was done,
The foe was routed, the height was won.

'Tis said they were many more than we :
As if in that rush we could stop to see !

Now, of course, in a humdrum mood
One almost shudders at all that blood ;
And much I doubt—though then 'twas play—
If I could do it again to-day.

Alas ! poor fellow. How glad were I
If the whole affair could be let go by :
If only somebody held the power
To blot remembrance of that wild hour,—
Take praise and profit, the rank they name,
The cross they promise, my hour of fame,
And make him guiltless, and set him free,
My friend, whose death I am here to see.

He fled from a chance—and now must face
Death most certain, contempt, disgrace.
Oh, I fear he will bear it ill :
I would we both were cold on the hill.
My brain will swim and my heart give way
If he should vainly struggle or pray.
This is a death made black as hell
By all that man can do to swell
The natural terror : the crash and blare
Of battle cannot with this compare.
“ Brave ” do they call me ? I should shrink,
The veriest cur, from the awful brink,
If dragged like this, with never a friend,
In ice-cold blood, to a shameful end.

Ah! he is coming. . . . Is *this* the man
This the coward that turned and ran?
Why, he treads as steadily now
With as calm a look and as clear a brow,
As little, to outward sight, afraid
As if he walked to an hour's parade.

I never thought that, fallen so low,
A man so well to his death could go.
Nothing of insolent despair,
Nothing of dread, in his tranquil air;
Only, with firm gaze on the ground,
He casts no glance on the scene around.
Perhaps he thinks, in bitter pride,
That scorn and hate are on every side,
That not one friend would meet his eye.
—Oh, I must speak to him ere he die.

There—we have spoken. It was not much,
And yet thank God for that word and touch.
“Good-bye. God bless you!”—a grasp of hand,
An unbid tear—he could understand,
And gave quick answer, “’Tis kind. Farewell.
This is but needful: yet say I fell
Not as I fought. No need to sigh:
I am not always afraid to die.”
He smiled and left me. O dolt, to think
A mind like this would falter or shrink!

Why, as he held my hand and smiled,
He was the strong man, I the child.
And now—now I must see him bleed !
How firm he stands ! 'Tis well indeed
He has what he wished—himself to give
The word at which he must cease to live.

Over ! He died in the muskets' rattle,
A victor made in a sterner battle.
Forward stooped that stately head,
The frame collapsed, and the man fell dead.
How calm he lies, unmoving here,
While we are white with sorrow and fear !
To us it is dreadful thus to fall ;
But he—he minded it scarce at all.
“It was but needful.” Yes, that he saw ;
Let none accuse the soldier's law.
And yet this scene—the living, the slain,
Bring some things home to the dullest brain ;
Bring home how little we see and know
Of even our fellows here below,—
How vain and empty and nothing worth,
Are all the gauds and the shows of earth.
Just mistaken his line—that gave
The better man to this open grave.
The noise and suddenness overcame
Brain and nerve, and he dies in shame.

In me reverse it,—a tiger-flush,
A fever-fit, and a headlong rush,
And they may decorate all they will,
I have learnt the truth, and shall know it still.
They will not flatter my soul to pride :
I could not die as the coward died.

PENTHEUS.

THERE is a music heard upon the seas
 Of furthest Ind, when the soft-sinking
 breeze

Faintly the waters ruffling, not more strong
 Than to sustain its motion, glides along.
 A far-off murmuring of lutes and lyres,
 Accompanied by sweet and silver quires,
 That steals entrancing on the sailor's ear,
 Not to o'erpower him, or to work him fear—
 For the most timid dreams not any wrong
 From the soft whispers of that fairy song—
 But all a flawless pleasure it doth charm
 Their souls from grief, the wandering bark from
 harm.

And many count the music not of earth,
 But having in some loftier sphere its birth,
 And wafted here to few and favoured lands :
 Some think that harps beneath celestial hands,
 And the clear voice of passing angels, lend
 This melody to the globe they must attend.

And others yet, in toil and earthly chance
Experienced, nor apt above to glance,
Say that this harmony is but the roar
Of frothing waves on some far unseen shore,
That, tempered by the pure and peaceful air
And leagues of travel, loseth the despair
And wrath and anguish that the mighty sea
Dashed on the rocks doth voice most terribly ;
And so to this serenest concord brought,
Charms the dull ear and soothes the trembled
thought,

Whereby the mariner may childlike sleep
Secure, nor dread the treachery of the deep.

These on unshattered keels at peace repose,
And health and toil their careless eyelids close ;
But he of whom the verse is woven, drave
To this calm zone o'er the tempestuous wave
With masts cut by the board, and hindering
sail

Spread only on the salty flood to trail.
Of all his comrades now not one remained,
But his sole hand the stubborn rudder strained :
His grey hair flying, and his burning eyes
Fixed as in doubt upon the orient skies,
He held his course ; the angry wind that blew
Behind him now no longer might pursue.
Even as a breath upon the waves it slept
Among the many breaths that eddying crept

This way and that way, till the flood beneath
Foamed in light points to many a snowy wreath.
The wind had fallen, but the bark that fled
Before that power of turbulence and dread,
Only its speed abating, forward still
Moved placid, as if stirred at its own will.
Bright sea-weed floated odorous on the deep,
And flowerets rocked by plucking waves to
sleep;

But through the carpet of the foam and flowers
The prow pushed slowly, led by unseen powers,
And under the clear vault of tranquil day,
As 'neath the storm, pursued its onward way.

Then o'er the sunlit bosom of the sea,
With streamers flown and long oars dashing
free,

A ship of war came swiftly, and within
Bright armour clashing made a martial din.
There stood a hero on the eminent prow
Lifting the helmet from his haughty brow,
And gazed across the waters, as assured
Of some high prize that his swift course allured
His comrades on the vessel's deck meanwhile
With mirth and revelry the hours beguile,
And lift in turns some proud heroic song.
Close by the wanderer they swept along,
And "Come with us!" they shouted. "for we go
To free a glorious land from chains and woe;

Ay, and a mighty battle there shall be,
And triumph high by the rejoicing sea.
Come then with us. What joy is like to this,
To hear the closing fronts of battle kiss,
And to forget all thought and time and place
For the wild rapture of war's stern embrace?
Oh let the sounding trumpets charm thy ear,
And thou shalt never know distress nor fear;
For there all bosoms throb with frank delight
And triumph, or drop careless in the night."

He sadly smiled, and answering not a word,
Showed them a battered shield and broken
sword,

And sweeping his long locks aside, revealed
Scars of deep wounds that Time had scarcely
healed :

And they, as one that prated, and must own
The thing was better to his hearer known,
Were silent,—the oars falling broke the blue,
And like a bird the glad ship forward flew.

No long time after, drifting at its will,
With doubtful sails that crossing breezes fill,
And rudder lashed, and ropes and yards awry
A stately vessel floated slowly by ;
And on its deck there might be heard afar .
The clamours of a shrill and wordy war.
There was the whole crew gathered ; and all these
Were founders famed of great philosophies.

Long-robed men, they sate with solemn look,
And each held on his knee a ponderous book.
These had assembled to the discourse high
Of wherefore men are born, and wherefore die;
And whether there be aught in the great sun
Than mass, and light, and heat, when all is
done;

And whether things are really what they seem,
Or dreams are real, and the real a dream,—
With other questions of importance dread
Fitted to occupy each sapient head.
And now they had debated many days,
And settled every matter many ways.
They had forgot the liquid vault above,¹
And all that it doth arch of life and love,
They had forgot the sunshine and the sea,
The charmed strains, the breeze's melody,
The flight of time, the course of night and day,
The life of man, and all his checkered way,
What journey he must make, what sorrow bear,
And what may help his feet and soothe his
care;

But these had now a knotty point discerned,
Whereon the whole of their disputing turned.

¹ Compare—

“And she forgot the stars, the moon, the sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees,” &c.

—KEATS'S *Isabella*, stanza liii.

Since clear it was that men and all things
were

Shapes of the mind, and but existent there,
It followed each his very self resigned
To him who stood the sole containing mind.
And now 'twas plainly paramount to see
Who might the Only and Eternal be :
But each, in fear to rest upon the shelf,
Maintained that it was certainly himself,
And called the others phantoms of his brain
That he had framed, and could efface again.
Whereon there had arisen a fierce dispute :
All spoke together, with but little fruit,
And oft, so high the sage contention rose,
One phantom caught another by the nose.
So, when they saw one sailing on the deep,
They hailed him, wishing the debate asleep,
And cried that he should come upon their bark
And judge for them the question strange and
dark.

The Solitary shook his head and smiled :
" Be wise," he said, " be calm, be-reconciled ;
But I will plunge not in the abyss again
Where shadowy good is, and too real pain.
Ye are beyond the footing of our race—
Return to the firm ground, to your own place ;
Else better had you o'er the vessel's side
Slip quietly, and downward softly glide

Through green and wavering depths, until ye
rest

On beds of weed, in peace and silence blest."
And more he would have said, but the light air
Veered, and shook out the canvas broad and fair,
And the ship bowed before it, cleaving fast
The wave that foamed beneath her as she passed.
The wise men turned away in scornful mood,
And straight the furious dispute renewed,
That echoed long, till, dumb'd by the full breeze,
The noise of wrangling died upon the seas.

Against the airs that floated to the West,
Still on her course the sailless vessel pressed.
The weary helmsman now afar beheld
A painted sail that freely driving swelled,
And a wide pleasure-boat toward him sped
Gilded and wreathed, with carven figurehead.
Clear from within a melting music rang
Of those that played on lutes and softly sang.
A band of revellers and lovers there
Breathed forth their gladness on the golden air;
And some on the sweet music were intent,
And some at ease on rose-strewn couches leant,
And some were folded in each other's arms,
And kissed and sighed, o'ercome by Cupid's
charms.

When these might see the stranger's hoary hair,
And hollow eyes, that told of calm despair,

They would have placed him there amid the rout
To drown his sorrows with a merry bout ;
Or if it might not be, to soothe his brain
Into deep sleep, that dulls the quickest pain.
For these were frank and kindly human hearts.
But he, that saw with love their varied parts,
And felt their joys, their happy moments prized,
And with their gentle passions sympathised,
Yet would not join them. "Not," he said,
"for me

Are feasts and music on the sunlit sea.
The spirit of the storm is with me yet,
And sights and sounds that I may ne'er forget.
I were a spectre in your merriest hour,
And all your love and music had not power
To lift from off my head the weight of years,
Or charm my heart from pale and haunting
fears.

I sail alone. That ye your path pursue
With mirth unchecked, and blessings ever new,
This do I pray for you, though doubting sore
Of faithless winds, and many a rock-bound
shore."

"Ah no!" they sang, "the waves are calm and
bright,

Fair is the day, and far away the night.
The music fills with thrilling strains our ears,
We ask no tale of dangers or of fears.

Pour forth the wine, and lift the goblet high,
To-day we live : what matter when we die ?
It is not now : pour forth the wine, and sing
The tuneful praises of the vineyard king.
Our loves are fair : let each his love caress,
And soft embraces every moment bless.
Oh babble not to us of pain or strife,—
Love, music, rest, are all that sweeten life ;
And these are ours : pour forth the wine, and
sing

The tuneful praises of the vineyard king.”

Lightly towards the shadowy West they sped,
The plumbless heaven shone radiant overhead.
But as the keen eye of the wanderer bent
Along their path to the far firmament,
He saw where on the dim horizon trod
The marshalled clouds, and flashed the bolts of
God,

And faintly in the mist he could descry
The foaming waves uplifted mountain-high,
Which these intently to the revel set
Looked not to meet with, and beheld not yet.
He shouted loud to warn them, but in vain—
His voice died idly on the rippling main.
They heard him not, or heeded not : once more
He turned, and lo ! at hand the rising shore.

Beauteous from out the magic waves it rose
In tremulous lustre and serene repose :

Far back a mountain-range shone bright and high
A silver gallery hung in bluest sky,
And oft each snowy spire with varying hue
Throbbled in soft tints, as lake or moorland
threw

Up from pure mirror or from hillside dun
Reflected beams of the descending sun.
Beneath the snows, but o'er the low hills' head,
A mighty belt of dark-green forest spread,
Cleft downward here and there a little way
By waterfalls and threads of diamond spray,
The clear wave from the gloom a moment
flashing,

Then down again to shady coverts dashing.
And under these the grassy uplands grew
In sunlit beauty slowly on the view
Far to the right and left, and spreading bright
Down to each valley and sea-facing height.
The cool deep dales reached far into the hills
With leafy groves and gleam of frequent rills,
And one or two sloped down with lawn and
tree

Even to the calm brink of the slumbering sea.
But for the most, the rocky barrier there
Sprang from the tide into the middle air
With sheer and burnished front, whose fore-
head glowed
Purple and golden in the light that flowed

In floods of mystic splendour from the West
O'er headland and dim vale and mountain-crest.
And now to him that sailed this secret main
The source of the far music was made plain.
No breakers roamed about the headlands' feet,
No angry waves on the soft meadow beat,
But this did slope, and that abruptly soar
From the blue ocean's smooth and shining floor,
That lay to the last verge tranquil and bright
With scarce a ripple, with no fringe of white
Such as by gently chafing shores is seen
Edging the sapphire wave and pastures green.
But here the forces of the unfearful sea
Sought other room, and left the margin free.
Far through the rocky wall half-hidden caves
Pierced, and along each chasm and rift the

waves

Swept with a long-drawn thunder pealing high
Through deep sonorous clefts to earth and sky.
So while the sea smote and the breezes sang,
Like some great lute the coast resounding rang ;
The ceaseless anthem rolled o'er field and hill,
And out to sea poured further, louder still,
And made for many a league the music rare
That charmed the deep and all men sailing
there.

The stranger's bark moved steadily to land,
And in a curve of the warm grassy strand

Gliding to the green bank, against it laid
Its wave-worn side, and there securely stayed.
And he stepped forth, and up a narrow glen,
Tangled, untrodden by the feet of men,
Passed on between the rocks. The westering
sun,

Ere yet in cloudy night his course was done,
Hung radiant o'er the wave, and poured his
beams

With ruddier lustre on the fields and streams.
Up the long glen the wanderer's shadow fell,
And waving branches darkened lawn and dell;
But shafts of splendour from behind him
thrown

Decked many a spot in beauty not its own,
And softer radiancy reflected thence
Lit the dark path, and soothed the restful sense.
Over the green earth, through the placid air
Shot glittering forms, rapid and wild and fair,
And thrills and throbs of song from unknown
throats

Filled the clear eve with sweet entrancing notes.
Then peace fell gently on that troubled brain,
And blank forgetfulness of bygone pain—
And vigour to the wearied limbs returned,
And with strange eagerness his spirit burned.
The sun went down, and even as he passed
The veil of darkness over all was cast;

Only above the glorious stars awoke,
And with mild beams the utter blackness broke.
In the dim light, over the dewy sod
Through silent hours the wanderer upward trod,
And now emerging from the forest shade
Passed swiftly o'er a clear and widening glade,
Till on a grassy plateau forth he came,
And there by starlight and the frequent flame
That flashed on all the battlements, beheld,
Built on a knoll that close before him swelled,
A vast and shining castle, whose dark gate
Lay open, and the path all desolate.

No challenge broke the silence as his feet,
Startling the lizards from each green retreat,
Approached the mighty portal, and passed on
Beneath the gloomy brows of massive stone.
The heaven was blotted from above: around,
Faint breaths stole rustling with mysterious
 sound,
And, as wild meteors in the marshland play,
White-vestured shadows seemed to haunt the
 way,
To flit about the dark with frequent gleam,
And murmuring whispers of the mount or
 stream.
But him who hastened there no spirit's charm
Might check, nor any hand be stretched to
 harm.

Now the great arch with all its gates and bars
Was passed, and over him once more the stars
Maintained their constant splendour, as he
trode

The central courtyard of that vast abode.

Beneath the sacred heaven unroofed it lay,
Fanned by light airs that chanting passed away;
For in the towering walls aloft were set
Æolian harps of finest wire and fret
That ever answered to the wind's caress
With wavering notes of pure melodiousness.
And over these, on ledges circling higher,
Burned cressets luminous with crystal fire—
A shining coronet, whose steadfast light
Flowed out through rifted turrets on the night.
Above, the polished marble soared again
In sheer ascent, as though it strove in vain
To circle the bright spheres. No coloured stone
From base to summit in the fabric shone,
No darker hue in courses low or high,
No gold with tawny lustre caught the eye,
But only snow and silver: soft above,
As faith eternal, fathomless as love,
With deepest blue, clear-cut by the white
wall,

The starry midnight brooded over all.

But where the tired feet of the wanderer trod,
Rich flowers were blooming on the mossy sod.

In the dim light by star and cresset given,
Fountains threw up their glittering streams to
 heaven.

Through odorous glades the plashing echoes
 stole,

And taught the choir of nightingales to roll
A silvery hymn as constant and as clear
From their green bowers of tangled foliage
 near.

For here they sang not as to mortal ears,
Full of sad memories and prevailing fears,
Nor one by one, but taking all the note
That down from those aerial harps did float,
With air and wave they joined in chorus
 high

And poured in floods triumphant melody.

He who had entered passed unfaltering on,
And came to a wide bath of smoothest stone,
Wherein, dark-wavering in the fitful ray,
Unruffled else, the gleaming water lay.
Upon its midmost bosom floated there,
Wrought of dark ebony and of ivory fair,
A boat, yet seeming more the car whereon
Dian may sail from our dusk heavens gone
With half her lustre veiled as of yore
And half far purer than it shone before.
But dimly showed the vessel all in shade,
For vast above his glooming vans displayed

A Bird, whose back and upper wings were
white—

Beneath, more ebon than the lampless night.
He, as the exile's step was heard anigh,
Disturbed the calm with shrill impatient cry,
And clapped his wings, that made their dread-
ful sound

Far up the walls and glimmering towers re-
bound.

But sight nor sound might hinder nor dismay
Those even steps, that kept their tranquil way.
Calm on the basin's edge the wanderer stood,
Then plunged undoubtful in the eddying flood :
And cleft it with strong arm, and swift as-
cended

The floating car. His pilgrimage was ended.
As peaceful in its shell to rest he sank,
As tired-out swimmers on a flowery bank :
The bird above in silence swooping down
Caught the high rails that did the vessel crown,
And with its frame, and him that slumbered
there,

Arising cleft the cloudless vault of air.

THE MIDDLE-AGED BACHELOR.

I AM weary of wandering up and down
On sea and river, by field and town. . .

I hate the sordid struggle and din ;
The lips of the proud one, pallid and thin ;

The loud *Te Deum* by scoundrels sung ;
The grasping hand, and the glozing tongue ;

Smiles that but hide the unkind thought ;
And faith that is sold, and love that is bought.

I look far over the shores and seas
To a green wood fanned by a purer breeze,

And dream of days of quiet and love,
No longer jostling, no more to rove.

Real the woods are, real the stream,
Alas ! the love is indeed my dream.

For where shall I find, the whole world through,
A spirit so pure and a heart so true ?

Fair without should the maiden be.
I wot of all beauty the first to me

Is ever the blushing and modest grace
Of a sweet soul lighting the gentle face.

Never to her should the world have told
Its annals of crime, its praise of gold ;

Nor lore be hers of the wrangling schools,
Where the women left are only the fools ;

But pleasing arts, and the will to prove
Her little learning, and much more love ;

Trustful, obedient, holding nought
On earth more blest than a sweet wife's lot :

Whom only to rob of that fair creed,
To the hardest heart were a piteous deed.

If such a maiden laid her hand
In mine, and sought that far-off land,

The world might toss with riot and roar,
But I would turn to its strife no more.

Through stormy years I would live at ease
In the murmuring shade of ancient trees,

And the bosom of my true love should be
As a haven of rest on a restless sea.

THE ROMAN EXILE JOINS
FREUNDSBERG.

WHAT banners are shaken out to the wind ?

What dark array is marching behind ?

From the Apennine crag to the Latin coast

The cry is gone up of a barbarous host.

Sternly and steadily down they come,

And the spear of the mountain is glancing
there,

And the angry roll of the German drum

Heavily beats on the golden air.

From the northern land of the cloud and the
flood,

From the peaks of the thunder-haunted hill,

Dark faces and hands that are red with blood—

They are marching yet, they are slaying still.

And the land of the sun given up for a prey,

Cowers down at their feet like a harlot fair :

The bearded lips laugh sternly and long

At the cup of the witch and her siren song :

The cup and the song shall be ours, they say ;
But they spurn her and trample her down in
the way,
And wrench the gems from her loosened hair.
In the thick of the horsemen, the van of the
current,
With buckler of steel and sword on his thigh,
He rides, that was wont on the hills to wander,
And the hermit of justice and death doth
ponder
As he drinks the roar of the iron torrent
As the dooming voice of the wrathful sky.
For the terrible stream came sullenly flowing
Round the base of the hill where he stood,
He heard the drums beat and the trumpets
blowing,
And the red moon of vengeance drew sea-like
his blood.
Seizing buckler and blade, flinging far cap and
hood,
From the crag to the cleft, from the cleft to
the valley,
He leapt on his steed and full gallop he came,
With lips white as death and with eyes bright
as flame :
Before the pale chieftain all eager he stood
Red-hot with his wrongs, and sware loud by
the rood,

As the trumpets around him rang marshal and
rally.
For he said, "Let me on, without halting or
pity,
Till we grasp the black heart of the murder-
ing city :
Let me spurn for the spurner, and slay for the
slain,
While spire-high are splashing your billows of
war,
And then take me back to your red flood
again,—
I will die on my battle-steed, near or afar.
For when hot day is over and blackness
descended
On the clime of our life, and our passion is
ended,
I ask nought further, no moon-litten boon—
I crave the best end, and that swiftly and soon :
That a ball come fast through the smoke of the
battle—
Fast, fast, fast through the roar and the rattle—
And shatter in sunder and rend in twain
The bounding bosom, the burning brain.
Then the head drops inward and the hands
drop downward
As the hoofs of the charger tramp fiercer
below ;

THE ROMAN EXILE JOINS FREUNDSBERG. 67

What matter the smoke and the glare and the
din?
They break not the hush or the darkness
within,
Where the warrior in death rides mightily
onward,
And his spears come behind like a flood on
the foe."

BLUE THE HYACINTH MAY BE.

BLUE the hyacinth may be,
 And the rose be red ;
 What is that to you or me
 If Love be dead ?
 He will never now return,
 Bright the flowery splendours burn
 O'er his buried head.

Bitter wrong he did us both,
 So soon to die—
 Once we thought him surely loath
 Cold and dumb to lie :
 Now his sunny wings are clay :
 What with buried Love to-day
 Have you to do, or I ?

I will sing not his lament
 Who so fickle was—
 Treacherous meteor, sudden-spent
 In the cold morass.
 —Thou wilt sorrow unresigned ?
 Child, the sorrows of thy kind
 Quick to Lethe pass.

THE PAULICIAN ON PROPONTIS.

BRIGHT foams the blue wave round the
rushing keel,

The exile turns for ever from his home :
But do yon shores no dim monition feel?
Art thou not, Europe, conscious that we
come ?

O blind and deaf ! What time by Serrhae's wall
Up the vast river sped the fateful bark,
Did then thy rioting cities heed at all?
Did then thy princes and thy pontiffs mark?

Late, late the far roll of the drums of God
Fell on dull ears too loud for buzz of wine,
When past the Saint the stern Apostle trod,
Sergius the Great for martyred Constantine.

The shameless Woman sate in proud Byzant,
She sent her armies forth to spoil and slay:
(So bites the worm God's heel predominant,)
These were the fiercer, but the mightier they

Who died in Tarsus, who in Antioch died,
Who in Tsaura's flame transfigured sang :
And at whose summons, with the Lord allied,
From cave and crag invincible we sprang.

A voice was heard on the Armenian hills,
Eastward in heaven arose a sudden sword :
Then, as some Tauric vale the torrent fills,
To Smyrna's self the flood of battle poured.

In Nicomed they dressed Apollyon up,
And "Drink we to the Christ," blaspheming
said.

In fires of vengeance hissing fell the cup,
We smote the foul priest by his altar dead.

One hour was ours : and well the work was
done,
Nor soon forgotten shall God's anger be
By those who saw their cumbered rivers run
Red to the Cypriote and the Euxine sea.

But the dark Power that fills this universe
Put forth the remnant of its ancient
strength :

The land fell back beneath the o'ershadowing
curse,
We drew defeated to our hills at length.

More clear the while the watchful angels spoke,
 And prouder in our hearts we hailed the word,
*To scourge the insolent, not break the yoke,
 God deigns to work with earthly fire and
 sword.*

Now at the last we tread victorious ways,
 And now triumphant to all lands we go,
 Who o'er the waters bear the true God's praise
 And in dark fields a glorious harvest sow.

Antenor the Galatian, I who look
 Northward, and see the Thracian headlands
 gleam,
 Is not my soul that mountain-threading brook
 Whose wave shall be the great Euphrates
 stream?

Lo, I retread the pathway of my sires :
 Where flashed their spears my word shall
 brighter glow :
 France shall have witnesses to feed her fires ;
 I go to conquest, if to death I go.

Unnumbered ages hail our steady feet,
 And moving to their help serene we smile ;
 Ah ! what to us is the red fagot's heat,
 Who wait, so gladdened, for so short a while ?

We know the flux and reflux of the world,
We press rejoicing to the nobler end :
Soon shall the banner of our wars be furled,
Soon the Accursèd to his doom descend.

Then, when the final tide of radiance rolls
O'er the last fragment of the darkness here,
When living men and our enfranchised souls
The veil how fragile see, the lost how near ;

Not the last scene our memory will recall,
Not the last theme our joyous choirs will
hymn,
Shall be this sunset, heaven's resplendent pall,
And shining waters where the dark ships
swim.

Wave and sky welcome, if the land be dumb ;
The spiritual sires of chainless centuries
Thus to our empire in this world we come,
Who shall rule also the celestial seas.

DAYBREAK.

FAR in the east a planet, faintly gleaming,
Swims in the tide of dawn around it
streaming;
Above my head sublime wings clash and
follow,
Wherewith pale heaven rings echoing and
hollow;
And round, a white mist in its dim embraces
Hides the black earth, and all the earth's dis-
graces.
Only the clear tops of the trees appearing
Bend in the breeze, as though the morn re-
vering,
And far away the dazzling-crested mountains
Repay the kindling light from purer fountains;
While softly, softly, on the silence breaking,
Steals the first murmur of the world's awaking,
Yet gentler than to mar, with harsh confusion,
The glow, the stillness, and the calm illusion.

This is the hour when they whose faith may falter
Before the robed priest and the gilded altar,
Yet in a nobler worship are uplifted,
With fuller hearts and purer feeling gifted :
Their temple is the firmament ; their voices
Rise, or are silent, yet the heart rejoices.
The wordless harmony from all things pouring
Pervades their hearts, refreshing and restoring ;
Released from selfish cares and sordid troubles,
They smile on life, and all life's windy bubbles,
And, clearer-sighted in the light supernal,
Discern the things that pass, and those eternal.

This is the hour when they whose steps are
 haunted
By brooding ills arise untired, undaunted,
Forget the faithless heart, the deathless sorrow,
The toil-worn yesterday, the drear to-morrow.
They dream of firmer friends, beside them
 moving
In painless atmosphere, beloved and loving—
Of happier years awhile on earth expended,
An evening bright ere the dark day be ended ;
And o'er the breast a tranquil expectation
Spreads, of repose reserved for every station.
Now for this body base to sleep it seemeth
In quiet ground, where never sleeper dreameth,
But the vexed frame doth nourish all its forces
On hope of rest for the blood's weary courses.

This is the hour when he, whose untamed spirit
Chafes at the bondage it doth here inherit,
—Whom the rare shaft of heavenly light illumeth,

But passions fret, and strong contempt consumeth,—

While round the fleecy vapour floats and hovers,

May for a space forget the world it covers.

He seems on cloudy heights, not seen or seeing,

To rove at will, a proud and lonely being.

Peace is within him now, and quiet round him,

Scarcely he feels that mortal chains have bound him.

So keen and clear are all the finer senses,

Dust and the flesh seem vain and vile pretences.

And as the body its repose desireth,

So looks the soul for all that it requireth—

For paths of lucid air, for golden leisure,

Celestial love, and wealth of stainless pleasure ;

A wave that every soil of earth effaces,

And song entrancing all the stellar spaces.

But now the East with rosier lustre brightens,

The Sun himself on the horizon lightens :

He smiles triumphant on the mist before me,

He flushes all the purple concave o'er me.

I shake my reins, the hour so quickly passes,

And brush with rapid hoofs the gleaming
grasses,

—Soon to myself, the cool wind swiftly
cleaving,

May smile in scorn, the dream behind me
leaving.

Yet ere it fade, and while the air is ringing,
Still to my ears with unmaterial singing,
My spirit, freed from all that checks or
cumbers,

Unites herself with those ethereal numbers,
And as the wide hymn to the cloudless heaven
Rises, and there the clear response is given,
Fulfilled of light and melody and motion,
Completes her orisons of high devotion,
Time fades afar, a thin fantastic vision,
And Space, a shadow of the night's derision.
With heart that nothing from its worship
sunders,

In loftier strains than mortal organ thunders
I lose myself: I seek no earthly guerdon,
But granting freely as I need it pardon,¹
Bless the creative hand, the powers adorning
Yon orient fire, and Him who made the
morning.

¹ "For all the sins wherewith the face of man
Is blackened, man's forgiveness give—and take!"

—OMAR KHAYYÁM.

TO A FRIEND IN AMERICA.

LOOK up! the air above thy head
Is stirred by faintly gleaming wings,
And mingled scents are round thee shed
Of rocks and seas and desert springs.

Sweeter indeed the breezes blow
From yonder cold and pine-clad height;
But thou wilt turn awhile, I know,
And greet the vext wayfaring sprite.

Full many a swift exulting wind
That stripped the hill or scourged the sea,
The Ariel Thought has left behind
To win, my friend, an hour with thee.

Alas! that Thought in utterance drest
Must all the road remeasure soon,
Nor with the spirit view at rest
The rising and the falling moon.

This is your night-time : and with you,
Not in far lands of dust and death,
But where the skies, a softer blue,
Light happier shores and waves beneath,

My soul her home and kindred knows,
And feels the love, and shares the strife—
Glows as the whirled alembic glows,
And throbs with all that mighty life.

The crashing wheels, the infant's cry,
The plough that grates a turning stone,
The spark, the beacon blazing high,
The lovers' laugh that walk alone,

The trapper's glimmering pipe, the shout
Of Indians in their threatened camp,
The turbid city's rabble rout,
The nightly engine's flying lamp,—

Nought the unsleeping Sense may fail,
—Yon gull that dipped in Brooklyn strait
A moment past : or now the sail
That flaps beside the Golden Gate.

I price and shelve the Western store,
I share the skilful cowboy's pride ;
With statesmen plot, with poets soar,
—Roll on with the triumphant tide.

Where knelling death to savage foes
The Saxon rifle yet may be,
And down the unstable barrier goes,
And forward, forward flows the sea.

Joy, suffering, crime, beheld and heard :
—Sharp clink the dice for stakes of blood,
Then the light jest, the jeering word,
The sudden curse and deadly thud.

The murderer mocks, his score annulled,
And walks abroad, and slays again,
Till hearts by long disorder dulled
Reveal the just and ancient strain.

Fast flies the wretch from man's abode,
Loud the pursuing hoof-tramp rings :
Oaths, blows—*A rope* !—beside the road
A month in air the carrion swings.

Nor less the vaster scene and sound
That build the spiritual frame are given—
Blue Ocean lifts his chant around,
Darkens and burns the boundless heaven.

Brightly your fertile champaign gleams
With yellow robe and ruby crown ;
Familiar flow your glorious streams,
To every quarter rolling down.

Whether through ancient woods they glide
Strong, deep, and clear as souls should be,
And mirror on their even tide
The painted bird, the waving tree ;

Or over some perennial fall
With bound and shout from heaven they
come,
And swathe the mountain's iron wall
In snowy sheets of showering foam.

I love the prairie, fair with flowers,
And broad and tranquil as the sky,
Or hurling in sublimer hours
Thunder and smoke and flame on high.

But grandest, most magnificent
Of all the imperial visions there,
Your giant ridges, scarred and rent,
Surge up to realms of silent air.

Each snowy peak its trackless ways
—Still passionate to soar and shine—
Clothed with ethereal grace displays,
And even now how near divine.

I see the royal sun unfurl
His blood-red standard from the height,
I see the mists that move and curl
And break before the rolling light.

With broadening gleam the rock-set lakes
Flash at my feet like plates of steel ;
Beneath, a wind the forest wakes—
Above, the hovering eagles wheel.

Amid these mountains, in this land,
Together hail we Night and Day ;
The floods shall know us hand in hand,
And friendship hold the loftiest way.

With myriad hearts our hearts shall beat ;
Our minds the vast existence share :
And Self on his usurpèd seat,
A shadow wrapt in dolorous air,

Shall reel with all his smoky lights
While we unfearful wait his fall,
United, as the end unites,
Nor losing then, though gathering all.

CREMATION.

I.

PEACE, sullen priest, nor chafe with fretful
breath,

Muttering *It is not well* :

For this diminishes the gloom of death,
And scares the dream of Hell.

Not ours the need. But for the meaner kind,
Let them the fire behold ;
Behold the vapour rising on the wind,
And o'er the mountains rolled.

Restored at once to that which gave it birth,
The Body seeks again
The fertilising heavens and fruitful earth,
Forest and stream and plain.

There ministering to other forms of life
It shall its task fulfil,
Ay, and refit new frames for human strife,
Abodes of soul and will :

As oft before. Each fragile idol plays
The hour-long part designed :
Thou shalt not see, in any length of days,
The spirit reconfined.

The very vulgar think not, standing here,
That of that series one,
Re-formed of its old atoms, shall appear,
Dead errors to atone.

Or if they think it, *And the others ?* ask :
They know not, nor can tell,
But grope self-baffled, till the shattered mask
Reveals the Spectre fell

Of many titles—Bigotry and Hate,
Presumption, Folly, Pride,
That wrapt itself in seeming-heavenly state
And sate their God beside.

II.

We indeed need not at this hour to learn
That dust upon the shelf,
Nor flesh, nor anything the fire can burn,
Was e'er the man himself.

Still, we are human. Though it matter not
What the rude husk befall,
Yet Love would here with no distressful thought
Our frailer selves appal.

Our friend has fled. This body holds no more
The soul that ruled and felt;
Yet thus arrayed he moved our eyes before,
And in this temple dwelt.

As we loved him, we honour his abode—
This image wan and fair:
We shall tread after him as dark a road,
And hope as fond a care.

He shall not know corruption: the proud boast
God to the spirit gave;
That boon the flesh, that feared corruption most,
In its own kind shall have.

The hand we grasp, the beating faithful breast,
Feature and stately form,
We give them not to moulder like the beast,
They shall not feed the worm.

The last farewell is over, well we know,
Heaven can alone restore;
Now let the purifying furnace glow—
Admit no terrors more.

The shroud, the tomb, the grisly skeleton,
Horrors and shames of death—
Look ! to the noonday heaven they are gone
In that blue mounting breath.

Earth and her powers have to the most fulfilled
The little scope they have
Over the wise, the strong, the iron-willed,
The virtuous, the brave.

Enough. That happiness is his, we trust,
Which we in signs have sung ;
But not conceivable to thinking dust,
Nor told by babbling tongue.

There is no more to fear. With us remain
These handfuls of white ash—
A crumbling heap, made pure from earthly stain
By one red furnace-flash.

Restore them. We have something to preserve,
Some relic still to prize,
And the less often on our path may swerve
Beneath his angel-eyes.

HALETHRIA.

DIMLY the wild sea-creatures glide
Past the vessel's moving side,
And the eye that seeks to pierce
That strange shadowy universe,
Pictures some swift forms and fair
Through blue water moving there,
But more faintly does discern
Fangs that glisten, eyes that burn,
Insatiate battles without din,
The rapid sweep of murderous fin.
For the beautiful and good
There, as always, are pursued
By fierce foes with ravenous breath
And hungry jaws of gaping death.
Into these they struggling fall :
Above, we hear no cry at all,
Nothing see of bloody strife,
Only know the ended life
By a distant, just-descried,
Rolling gleam of silver side.

Yet above the winds blow free
And crisp the gently rising sea.
They breathe in freshness on my brow,
They fill the sail and urge the prow :
The dancing waves to left and right
Sing to the ear and charm the sight.
They match the smile of halcyon skies
With music of their fall and rise,
With foamy streaks of whitest hue,
And glitter of transparent blue.
The winds blow free, the glorious heaven
Puts on the pride of summer even :
Now larger than he rolled on high,
And clearer seen of steadfast eye,
The sun, for farewell gallant-drest,
Looks from his turret in the West.
The moon's white streak is shown above ;
The clouds obedient hither move.
Forgetful of their whirlwinds, they
Robe and deck the failing day.
A woven wealth of purest snows,
Of bronze and gold and glowing rose,
Their shadowy vestments radiant sweep
Through the stainless sapphire deep.
Now we see 'twas but disguise
In which they clomb the noonday skies ;
And what we took for gloom before,
Was only splendour held in store.

The waves are still around me dancing,
But the bright life so lately glancing
To extinguishment beneath
In the sullen grasp of death,—
Vainly for it the deep seas flow,
The evening shines, the breezes blow.
Perchance it drew with humid eyes
Like pleasure from the seas and skies,
Some part at least of what above
Makes—is the beauty that we love,
Yet which the pride of man his own
Doth count, and for himself alone.
I know not: we can never tell
If when the feet of Morning fell
With fire and colour on the sea
And bade instinct with light to be
Rough surface, deep tranquillity:
Or when the strong meridian blaze
Spread down through all the secret ways,
Or in this sunset, or when gleams
Of lightning smote the chafed streams,
And rearing its reflected form,
On ocean walked the kingly storm,—
We know not if this haunter then,
Of homes far hidden from our ken,
Felt in his feeble life the same
Might seen by us in shadow and flame,
And shared our joys, as he did share

In hunger, danger, toil, and care,
The woes we are ordained to bear.

We but see the hourly strife,
Chase and flight for food and life.
Could our eye the depth disclose,
Probing as the sunlight does,
We could nothing more divine
From any act or outward sign.
Oft within the populous bay
This ocean-rover lurking lay.
Swift freebooter of the strait,
Pirate of the river-gate,
He flashed with rapid rush and blow
Forth on the unconscious foe.
So found him, as we all must, food,
And reared in depths a countless brood.
Oft, startled in his lawless dealing
By some larger shadow stealing
Amid the green abysses near,
He plied his fins in panic fear,
Flying through ocean like the wind
With swash and shadow close behind.
So his days and nights were passed
Till the fierce death came on too fast :
Him then did fishes' fate befall ;
This his life :—and this was all ?

Suns, the furthest off that glow
From this round of gloom below,
Glittering lamps and unveiled ether,
Thou canopy of stormless weather !
Beyond your glories, and the flight,
With shadowy change, of day and night,
Where the pure spirit finds a home,
Nor changes are, nor shadows come :
On the diamond shining stair
That we image leading there
From bright to bright, from fair to fair,
Does some serene celestial being
Too glorious for our thought or seeing
Linger now, and gazing down
Through the blue seas of air that drown
This far-sunken clouded plot
Ponder on the world forgot ?
If his seraph-sight can tell
Man's shape to him made visible,
With what reflection watches he
The forms that haunt the nether sea ?
He beholds them prowl and prey
In the night-time and the day.
Spoilers of the secret strait,
Ravenous pirates at the gate,
Each with sudden rush and blow
Seeks to lay his foeman low.

Lawless hunger makes them bold,
They plunder, hunt, and slay for gold.
Thereafter threatening at their side
A stronger enemy is descried ;
Straight in panic fear they fly,
Hurrying on with unheard cry,
Oft are taken, gasp, and die.
Of such dead forgetful now
The watcher lifts his heavenly brow,
And takes again with kindred eyes
The eternal splendour of the skies.
If he think on that far fate
The base end of a meaner state,
The creature's death, he sure would say
Did meetly close his little day :
Him did the fate of men befall,
He fought, fed, died,—and this was all.

As these whispers rise in me
From the hushed and heaving sea,
So perchance a sound should creep
Over the lighted purple deep,
A murmur risen, from far or near
He knows not, on the seraph's ear.
A murmur first, then clearer grown
It stirs his soul with thrilling tone,

And seeming soon no more to rise
It fills the circle of the skies
With music poured above, around,
A wondrous tide of mystic sound.
Mortal ear may little know,
Listening from the abyss below,
What unimagined sounds are these
Ringing o'er the ethereal seas,
Intoned as gently to reprové,
And full of wisdom, calm, and love :
But they kindle heaven's own light
To a radiance trebly bright,
And, ere even the first are said,
The seraph veils his bended head.

THOUGH THE POWERS OF GLOOM
PURSUE THEE.

GERVEZ'S 'CASTILIAN INQUISITION,'
cap. xvi. para. 12.

THOUGH the powers of gloom pursue thee
By the river of shame,
Though sorrows and sins undo thee,
Though the world defame :
Though thy own heart be altered,
One heart is truer than thine,
One foot has not faltered
On the path where no sunbeams shine.

No sunbeams of golden morning
Stream over thee now :
A memory for all men's scorning
To the pride of thy brow ;
And the frank eye clouded,
And the fearless head is bent,
And a glory shrouded
To its tomb in the shadows sent.

I look not, with thee benighted,
For another morn,
For a sinking fire relighted
Or a soul reborn :
As the night falls drearer,
Alone in the heavens of death
Burns deeper and clearer
The deathless planet of Faith.

Hath any betrayed his brother ?
Let him withstand !
To the fallen, and not another,
I stretch my hand :
His ruin and sorrow
Are more than your names that rise ;
His night than your morrow,
He blinded than all ye wise.

Once only, my friend, my master,
Look up, and see
What soul in the last disaster
Is worthy of thee,
Whom death cannot sever :
And then let the midnight hide
Us twain for ever
Undaunted and side by side.

VOX POPULI

"Scorn not the Sonnet : Critic, you have frowned
Mindless of its just honours."

—WORDSWORTH.

"Warton had lost his ear by laying it down on low swampy
places, on ballads and sonnets."

—LANDOR.

SCORN *not the Sonnet !* Scorn it if you will,
It shall outlive and conquer scorn and
you :

Thrive like a hardy plant, and drink its fill
Of rain and wind, as of the sun and dew.
Not murmuring dreams and loves of Italy,
Not pent in bars of artificial rule,
No—but the English sonnet, strong and free,
The heart its master, and the world its
school.

For manly love and grave devotion meet,
Meet for the happy voice of lighter hours,
But rendering, when the hearts of nations beat,
And we just hear the stir of sleeping powers,
A deep and solemn music, to become
At need, the stern roll of the menacing drum.

ADVENÆ

GOLDEN-CROWNED and music-laden
When from azure deeps he rose,
There he left a tearful maiden
In the cities of Repose.

Little could his soul rejoice
As the sun glad welcome poured,
For he mourned a loving voice,
And a lyre's remembered chord.

That same hour the veiled Hand
Struck the mystic Bell beneath,
And she left her twilight land
For the shores of life and death.

But they meet not here again
As they vowed and prayed to do :
Each must doubt, in lifelong pain,
If the loved one still be true.

THE SLEEPER.

SOFT his new-won slumbers are,
Oh, wake him not !
How serene he sleeps and fair,
Free from weariness and care,
Free from thought !
Regular breath and placid brow
Tell that he enjoyeth now.

THE HAPPIEST LOT.

FAINTLY murmuring, as we gaze,
 Those beauteous lips
 Smile, as oft by silvan ways
 Waters laugh, when through the haze
 A clear beam slips :
 —Some glad vision opened lies
 To the calm lash-hidden eyes
 In Life's eclipse.

Wake him not ! That face aglow
 New raptures fill :
 Bright the dreamland fountains flow,
 Radiant and majestic show
 Valley and hill.
 And his soul is drinking deep
 Songs of love. Oh, let him sleep :
 'Tis midnight still.

Graver now, but yet more fair
More purpose fraught,
See that kingly brow declare
What obedient shapes of air
Are round him brought :
Proud he treads the visioned height—
Hush ! not yet is spent the night—
Hush ! wake him not.

Ah, behold, how swift the change !
Delight and pride
Are fled, and phantoms fierce and strange
Surely in the shadows range
His steps beside :
Drops upon his forehead start,
Clench his teeth, his mighty heart
Throbs terrified.

Sleeper, wake ! the dawn is here—
Heaven's trumpets blow ;
Dreams shall come no more anear ;
Awake, awake from strife and fear,
The morning know !
Forth to thy work on land and deep
By these vain passions of thy sleep
Untroubled go !

PART II.

IMITATIONS AND TRANSLATIONS

PARMENIS'S EPIGRAM ON XERXES.

ON the ways altered of the land and deep,
Sailor of earth, and treader of the sea,
He came, whose path three hundred Spartans
keep :
Ashamed, ye mountains and ye waters be !

ŒDIPUS COLONEUS, 607.

DEAR son of Ægeus, to the gods alone
 Old age arriveth not, nor e'er to die :
 But all things else all-powerful Time confoundeth.

Faith perishes, unfaithfulness is born,
 And an unchanged affection never long
 City to city bare, nor friend to friend.

ON A FOUNTAIN.

VENUS, with the Graces, and her golden-shafted son,
 These waters laved of old, and meed of beauty won.

HORACE AND LYDIA.

- H.* **T**O me it seems but yesterday,
 Madam, that last we met ;
 But thirteen years have rolled away,
 And you perchance forget.
 Yet I at least was happy then,
 And venture to recall
 Those hours, that in the host of men
 Should single me from all.
- L.* 'Tis not that I remember less ;
 I doubted of your will.
 Mine was an equal happiness,
 —As clear a memory still.
 And still 'tis sweet to think upon
 Those love-lit days of old :
 Believe it—though my hand was won
 By title, lands, and gold.
- H.* With these a woman dulls her care :
 . A man's way has been mine,
 For I have drunk the austral air
 And cleft the western brine.

Long at my feet their shadow clear
 The mighty Andes flung,
 And softly in my drowsing ear
 The Arab maid has sung.

L. I have enjoyed what I pursued,
 Wealth, state, and gilded ease,
 Nor failed, a faithful wife and good,
 My purchaser to please :
 For he was loyal and sincere
 And proudly kind to me,
 —A gracious and a stately peer
 That held my life in fee.

II. But yet the sweetest song would still
 Breathe of our parting sigh,
 And oft I saw by glade and rill
 Thy image hovering nigh.
 No glowing bosom of the East
 Could be my pillow made ;
 One thought, amid the loudest feast,
 O'ercast my brow with shade.

L. Alas ! and not in friendly halls
 With menials crowding round,
 In glittering routs or festivals,
 Can peace of heart be found.

I honoured him I could not love ;
And now bereft, alone,
Through life with humbled steps I move
And hope, as beauty, flown.

H. If thou hast won the only charm
Thy spirit lacked of old,
O'er us all impotent to harm
The aging years have rolled :
Thyself—if that be my reward,
I mock the space between,
And only wish the past restored
That thine had happier been.

L. If thou in all thy wanderings
To me wast ever true,
If mightier love than poet sings
Can vanished youth renew ;
Oh not for me the past recall,
I ask no more of heaven
Than thus upon thy breast to fall,
And thus to be forgiven.

ON TIMSCREON.

WHO largely ate, and largely drank, and
largely did upbraid
The race of man, Timscreon the Rhodian here
is laid.

FROM CALLIMACHUS.

"FAREWELL," Cleombrotus the Ambracian
said,
"O Sun!"—and o'er a sea-girt wall he ran.
No ill death-worthy had he borne, but read
Plato's one treatise on the Soul of man.

THE PANEGYRIC OF VIRGIL UPON
A RUSTIC LIFE.¹

TOO happy they, if their own bliss they know,
Who till the soil, far off from war's unrest,
For whom a light-won sustenance doth flow
In just profusion from earth's willing breast.

If no vast wave the lofty mansion pours
Of morning visitants from arch and hall,
Nor here they gape on pearl-enamelled doors,
Corinthian bronze, or golden-vestured wall:

If here the fleece knows no Assyrian stain,
Nor cinnamon perfumes the liquid oil,
Innocence and ease on the broad fields they gain,
And varied wealth of pleasure after toil.

¹ Cowley has translated the same passage: and Moore the two epigrams immediately following.

110 IMITATIONS AND TRANSLATIONS.

Theirs are the grottoes and the living floods,
Cool Tempe theirs, and oxen lowing deep ;
They slumber soft in the o'ershadowing woods,
Through glade and covert in the chase they
sweep.

Bold youth they have, in toil and hunger bred,
And shrines and elders of revered worth ;
For there her latest footstep as she fled,
Departing Justice planted on the earth.

First I implore each sweet and peerless Muse,
Whose rites I celebrate and rapture know,
What path in heaven the constellations choose,
The labouring moon and darkened sun, to
show.

Why quakes the earth, why ocean's billows
surge
All fetters rending, and subside again,
What power so swift the winter suns may urge
Seaward, what cares the lingering night re-
tain.

But if, that Nature's frame I may not see,
Cold in my bosom creeps the sluggish blood,
Mine let the fields and watered valleys be,
—Inglorious lover of the stream and wood.

Oh, where the plains are and Spercheus fleet,
 Taygeta, wild haunt of Spartan maid,
 To the cool dells of Hæmus lead my feet,
 And shield me with the mighty branches'
 shade !

Blest is the man to whom the power is given
 Each motive of the universe to tell,
 Who spurns all fear, and facing tyrannous
 Heaven
 Treads underfoot the hungry roar of Hell.

But he is happy too, whom rustic gods,
 Pan, old Silvanus, and the Nymphs command,
 Far from the purple and the lictor's rods
 And civil discord's fratricidal hand.

Leagued Ister pouring down the Dacian foe,
 Nor Rome can touch him, nor her fleeting
 power ;
 He never wept to view the needy's woe,
 Nor Wealth has seen his brow with envy lower.

What fruit the boughs, what grain the fertile
 meads
 Of their own bounty give, he plucks and
 stores,
 Nor e'er has known harsh law and musty deeds,
 Nor heard how fierce the stormy Forum roars.

Others the blind sea churn with oars, or fly
 To arms, and gate and palace hall invade ;
 For jewelled cup and cloth of Tyrian dye
 Behold in dust their hapless country laid !

One hides his wealth, and guards the buried
 gold ;
 One the loud tribune's thunders send astray ;
 A third the applause along the benches rolled
 From people and patriciate, bears away.

These men exult, and drip with kindred blood,
 Home and their fathers' threshold they for-
 sake,
 Choose unfamiliar suns, and o'er the flood
 Their way to some self-chosen country take.

Meantime the farmer with his crooked share
 Divides the earth, completes his annual toil,
 And feeds his country and his dear ones there,
 And helpful team, from the sufficing soil.

Straightway with fruit the laughing months
 abound,
 The herds and flocks a numerous offspring
 yield,
 Ceres with sheaved harvest loads the ground
 And the full granary fails the plenteous field.

'Tis winter ; the pressed olives oil supply,
 The woods give berries, acorns fat the swine :
 Autumn lays down each varied gift, and high
 On sunny rocks matures the mellowing vine.

Fair children daily seek their sire's embrace,
 And Virtue loves the pure and holy home ;
 The sleek kids butt upon a grassy space,
 The cows with heavy udders stallward come.

Of holidays, on turf at ease reclined,
 While round the flame his comrades crown
 the bowl,
 He pours to Bacchus ; and the elm assigned
 Kindles with hope each rustic marksman's
 soul.

For wrestling then they strip their sinewy
 frames :
 —This was the life the ancient Sabines led ;
 The twins of Rhea knew those toils and games ;
 Thus to her strength was bold Etruria bred.

Yea, Rome became the noblest boast of earth,
 One city girdling in her seven hills :
 But earlier yet—ere Dicte's royal birth
 Saw impious man devour the steer he kills.

114 IMITATIONS AND TRANSLATIONS.

When golden Saturn lingered in the land
Such days were his: nor then had mortals
heard
The trumpet's blast, or sound of hammered
brand
That crackles on the iron anvil stirred.

GREEK EPIGRAM.

WEAVING once a wreath I found
Love within the roses bound—
Caught him by his wings divine,
Plunged him in the bubbling wine ;
And I drank him merrily :
Now with restless pinions he
Flutters in these limbs of mine.

ANOTHER.

I WOULD tell of Atreus' sons,
And I would Cadmus sing,
But my lyre for ever runs
On Love with stubborn string.
All the chords I changed of late,
All the lyre renewed,
And I desired to celebrate
The Toiler unsubdued ;
But the lyre to love would keep—
So henceforward fare ye well
Heroes ! for the strings I sweep,
Only tales of love will tell.

A WAKING OF BRAVE MEN.

IN the great year from the beginning named,
 And graven on the secret scrolls of Heaven,
 The fire of battle o'er the broad earth flamed,
 The appointed Sign was given.

The peoples from the East unto the West
 Rose up—the undiscovered nations heard;
 From the dim Pole and the volcano's crest
 A mighty footfall stirred.

They gathered swiftly to the plain of fate;
 Earth shook—the sea was hidden with their
 sails:
 He sank abashed, though loud by deep and
 strait
 Roared the sonorous gales.

The sun shone brighter, yet the stars came
 forth
 As burning points in the clear azure shown;
 Red lightning chased the streamers of the north
 Along a cloudless zone.

All spirits of the planet where man dwelt,
The vault above him, and the floods around,
A loosening of their ancient bondage felt,
And chafed with sullen sound.

But no man turned to these with ear or eye,
So solemnly the lists of doom were set ;
So many a league the challenge and reply
Rolled fierce, unfailing yet.

And misty banners waved along the plain,
But none the Standard of his host beheld ;
The keenest vision might no Chief attain,
Only the war-cry swelled.

The war-cry swelled for Freedom to the South,
For Faith and Power the thundering North
replied,
Nor any knew his sword and hand and mouth
Should the world's fate decide.

The lists of doom the hands of God did keep,
As this side or as that should bear the day
To grant serener centuries, or sweep
The unworthy race away.

For Man this hour should his election make,
And none might hinder any from the strife ;
Therefore the gates of Death resounding quake
Beneath the hand of Life.

Once the bright Goddess on the portals smote
And raised her shining arm ; but ere again
It fell, with hollow and discordant note
The black valves rolled in twain.

No eye might pierce the solid gloom within,
But swift approaching on the ear was borne
Noise as of rushing torrents—a wide din
Of chariot, hoof, and horn.

The dead depth lived, with rapid flashes stirred,
Vast on the verge a shadowy outline grew ;
One veil of night remained ; then rang the
word,
The vanguard cleft it through.

And forth they swept, the armies of the tomb,
In strange arrays, with dissonant sounds of
war ;
Here gleamed the bayonet, here tossed the
plume,
Here clashed the scythèd car.

120 IMITATIONS AND TRANSLATIONS.

Tremendous engines of forgotten art
To launch the shaft or flying rock prepared,
And from the catapult a pace apart
Red mouths of cannon flared.

But then 'twas seen how each did but behold
And only felt the bolt or eager brand
That raged against his life in days of old
In some far-distant land.

The Parthian bowman shunned the sword of
Rome,
Rome faced and felt the Carthaginian spear,
France paled at thunders from the bursting
foam
That taught her cities fear.

Past the hot Greek the wingèd bullet sped
Harmless; no cannon deafed the Roman
square;
Poitiers and Waterloo forgot o'erhead
The fire-machines in air.

And if the smitten to the realms of night
Returned, I know not; for above the knee
O'er all the plain a vapour dense and white
Rolled like a heaving sea.

The armies clashed together : they that fell
Dropped in the mist, and there were seen no
more,
For myriads fallen as loud the pæans swell
As loud the batteries roar.

But ever, when some mightier aspect moved
Forth from the gloom, around the battle
failed ;
The ranks at gaze, that hated or that loved,
Champion or foeman hailed.

So from within the gates a shout was borne
Of ringing cheer, and golden armour flashed ;
Forth, with loose reins and hoofs of trampling
scorn
The steeds, the chariot dashed ;

The steeds immortal and the chariot swift
That erst by Xanthus' wave the uncon-
quered bore
When the Greek onset like a tempest-drift
Swept all the turbid shore.

His bright locks lifted by the wind of speed
With flushing cheek and eagle eye he drove,
Then checked, surveying where the direst need
Called for the child of Jove.

And down the ranks a dubious murmur ran
 As all uncertain where that spear should
 gleam
 That for his race, ere Freedom's course began,
 Reddened the Phrygian stream.

He smiled, he lifted high his stately head,
 He laughed, a melody of clear disdain,—
 "And doubt ye of the course I drive," he said,
 "This side or that the plain ?

"Where Greece's glory and her greatest shine
 Leading the world, her heroes too shall be,
 Propitious Heaven reserves for me and mine
 The vanguard of the free."

No more he deigned to speak, but hurling far
 His javelin, dashed the nearer battle through,
 And redly from his rushing wheels of war
 The iron sparkles flew.

But ere the echo of his voice had died,
 Imperial accents answer did restore :
 One issued forth, of majesty and pride
 Not less than went before.

And half he seemed the last to imitate,
So like his stature and his arms and mien ;
But round him emblems of a loftier state
And ampler power were seen.

Loud by his car the barbarous kettle beat,
The war-pipe sounded, and the Asian gong ;
The light horse, circling on their coursers fleet,
Raised high a flattering song.

And close behind, with firm and measured
tramp,
They to whose arm the Eastern might was
weak
Trod, and once more the sun's remembering
lamp
Knew the earth-ruling Greek.

But he of Macedon uplifted high
His voice : " A dream of folly I pursued,
Who once my hand, where Ilium's ruins lie,
In sacrifice imbrued.

" I worshipped then, but now shall face to face
Meet thee, presumptuous, and overthrow,
Who dost the grandeur of our name disgrace
With comrades vile and low.

124 IMITATIONS AND TRANSLATIONS.

" A king, and risen from a race of kings,
Myself the moulder of an empire's frame,
My place be where my satraps' war-cry rings,
If thine the ranks of shame."

He waved his hand, and shrill the trumpets
blew,
The motley squadrons shouted, and the van
Slow to the northward wheeling, backward drew
Ere yet the charge began.

They mingled with the hosts that welcome gave
In deep-voiced clamour spreading down the
line ;
They passed : anew the footstep of the brave
Clashed in the gates divine.

Strains of barbaric music pealed again
Through the deep gloom, and ponderous rank
on rank
Poured waving crossèd banners o'er the plain
Around the sovereign Frank.

But though the crown upon his brow was set,
Yet none might doubt where should his
onset be :
He hastes, insatiate of glory yet,
Free king, to join the free.

And lo ! in statelier order close behind,
The Roman eagles floated o'er a flood
Of bronzed veterans for battle lined
And splashed with patriot blood.

And then the spirit of the hosts of power
Rose, and each eye flashed kindling to behold
How dark as clouds that with the whirlwind
lower
The Julian cohorts rolled.

High in the midst, controlling all the march,
With prescient gaze and forehead garland-bound,
The wisest son of empire whom the arch
Of Heaven has bent around

Rode on, and pointed sternly to the fray,
But wasted never word or needless sign
As the great army thundered on its way
Along the northern line.

And pale amazement held his doubting foes
That hoped no equal champion ; when anigh
In the night's breast a sound responsive rose—
A note as bold and high.

Africa and Italy and Gaul and Spain
 Filled the wide portal with tumultuous roar,
 And all eyes turned from the expectant plain
 On him who went before.

Majestic more than any, forth he trod,
 On charger mounted, nor in chariot drawn,—
 Resolute and lofty as the mightiest god
 That treads the Olympian lawn.

One eye was dark, but in the other glared
 The undying fires of vengeance and of hate :
 Valour and Conquest with Misfortune shared
 That high brow unelate.

Slower he came than they that did precede,
 And heavier armour on his shoulders rang ;
 While echoed 'neath his followers' feet the mead
 With tramp and steely clang.

And first a murmur, then a hailing shout
 Broke from the joyous ranks of tyranny,
 As each the heroic champion moving out
 More plainly did descry.

But o'er his brow a frown of anger spread,
 And prompt and passionate his answer rose :
 " And thus do I return ?—to friends a dread,
 And welcomed by my foes.

"Idly ye judge. The despot power of Rome
I spurned—but think ye that I ever strove
To prop by this the tyranny at home,
Or Carthage did I love ?

"For her I fought, and not for those that ruled ;
For her did armies spring beneath my hand ;
And savage nations, to my training schooled,
Rent the Italian land.

"Still shall Oppression feel the sword I bear."
—So speaking, on he moved, and nought
beside
I heard, for sudden on the startled air
Shouts of delight and pride,

Of love and loyalty and triumph broke—
Iberian standards filled the path again—
And deepening thrilled, while flute and cymbal
spoke
The patriot songs of Spain.

"Brightly," they sang, "the Bætis seaward
flows,
The Tagus murmurs by Toletum's wall,
And on their banks the flower untrampled
blows,
The fruits unstinted fall.

128 IMITATIONS AND TRANSLATIONS.

"The hind his ripened harvest gathers in,
And all his children bless our chieftain's
hand,
The towns rejoicing with a festal din
Give thanks throughout the land.

"With plenty in our fields, and peace at home,
Peace, plenty, safety, all to thee we owe;
Go forth, thou Roman mightier than Rome,
Again to chase the foe."

So proudly round their leader's sable steed
The youths and maidens hymned him to
the fray,
The mailed ranks, bent before his eye to bleed,
Pressed on in dense array.

And by that outcry of a nation's love,
And once again the darkened eye to view,
My soul, not fallen from the race of Jove,
The mighty Nursian knew.

And the glad South beheld him, and the North,
This paled, and that was storming with
acclaim,
As darkness gave the unvanquished chieftain
forth
In life and death the same.

For straightway, "Hail, ye ranks republican!
Old comrades, hail!" the Marian captain
cried;
And all his army rolled toward the van
In squadrons sweeping wide.

Behind, the glare of cannon lit the gloom,
France at her mightiest to the conflict came,
And War usurped the abysses of the tomb
With shout, and crash, and flame.

Clouds of swift horsemen to the left and right
With level lance deployed and bright
cuirass,
While from the inmost bosom of the night
Came on the rushing mass

Of that fierce infantry whose bayonets drave
Back the invading forces of the world,
Then swept afar, a high destroying wave,
O'er plain and mountain hurled.

And so were spent. But now with might
renewed,
With floating flags they march and echoing
drums:
To battle set, and flushed to haughtiest mood,
Once more Napoleon comes.

And there he rode, and there his captains
pressed ;

But now more faintly on my hearing fell
The sounds that shook the doubtful planet's
rest

With all the roar of hell.

The moving fabric of the universe

Its course fulfilling, made a space between ;
Confused were heard the blessing and the
curse,

And dimly all was seen.

One other figure in the shadowy gate

Through growing distance did I yet discern,
That standing, for a space did hesitate

Whither his steps should turn.

Not youth nor grace nor royal-nurtured mien

Marked him : erect in rugged strength he
stood,

With pike and buckler armèd was he seen,

And he was red with blood.

The iron ranks around him, plain and stern,

Halted the while, and anxious vision strained
Upon their leader's countenance, to learn

The road their faith ordained.

And either army raised a claiming voice,
The free ranks opened their array to greet,
Whom the harsh North, as certain of his choice,
With furious shouts did meet.

"Hail, tamer of the mightiness of kings!
Thy place assume!"—the brighter squadrons
cried:
"Hail, renegade!" the sombre northland rings,
All hail, liberticide!"

But ere his choice was made, the hasting globe
Pursued its path through folds of azure air.
Space fell around it, an ethereal robe,
And hid the contest there.

Awhile from that high station where I stood,
The vext orb's lessening lamp might I behold:
But lightly borne on the crystalline flood
Whose living billows rolled

Before my feet, a happier planet came,
Fulfilled of brightness, music, and delight;
I turned, forgetful of the wavering flame
That struck the verge of night.

RHESUS, 546.

IS aught more selfish than sorrow?
I thought, as I read once more
The tale of that night and morrow
Of grief on the Ilian shore,—
How sweet in the hour of slaughter,
In a land of warfare and woes,
By the blood-stained Simois water,
The song of the nightingale rose.

In the folds on the Idan mountain
The pipes were echoing shrill,
The gleam of a tumbling fountain
Might now be caught on the hill;
The eagle in midmost heaven
Flew high for a morning sign,
And the paths of the Pleiades seven
Dipt over the western brine.

But still undimmed shone many
A star on the upland lawn,
And Sleep, the sweetest of any,
That soothes us toward the dawn,
On the eyes of the sentinel brooded,—
Yet as he turned to his rest,
The high song manifold-mooded
Stirred deep his answering breast.

He smiled at the wild bird's singing
That was but a funeral hymn,
He thought of the glad day winging
Its way o'er the mountains dim,
When far through the Grecian trenches
Should Hector slaughtering sweep,
And the long oars leap on the benches,
And the foe flee over the deep.

And the heaven meantime above him
Was black with ominous gloom,
The winds of misery drove him
Straight on for the reefs of doom :
His heart o'er a fated city
Rejoiced with a vain delight,
Rejoiced without care or pity
For the bird that sang in the night.

134 IMITATIONS AND TRANSLATIONS.

But she sang only and ever
Her ancient dolorous strain ;
And over the darkling river
And over the murmuring plain,
In the moon's soft-spreading glory
And under each Asian star,
Rang high the sorrowful story
Of the Daulian woes afar.

For herself her soul was darkened
As his with a vain hope glowed,
For her no sentinel hearkened,
For her no Simois flowed :
And the towers in the moonlight gleaming,
And the voices that rose around,
Were a vision of misty dreaming,
And an echo of phantom sound.

PART III.

FRAGMENTS



I.

FROM where round chants the
purple sea

His low love-melodies to the golden sand,
And where the sunny Pyrenees are
fanned

With breeze of cool Atlantic from afar,
Even to the wafted murmurs of that
strand

Where colder billows burst on many a bar,—
The wakening nation heard, and rose, and
leapt to war.

France to her children cried, and they be-
came

Like sleuth-hounds on the fadeless trail
of blood,

O'er newer lands the solid torrent foams :
Death-cries of shattered cities heavenward
climb
And pale Destruction plies the quickening axe
of Time.

But where thou sitt'st, the central forest
weaves
Network of tempered radiance round thy
sorrow,
Wrought with the tracery of gleaming leaves
And waving boughs, and bright light
streaming thorough :
About thy feet the purple flowerets bor-
row
Fresh sweetness from a fount of sparkling
waters
That fain would lull thee. A [more
stern] to-morrow
Rebukes thy rest,—fairest of Time's high
daughters,
Not here canst thou forget the steam of earthly
slaughters.

II.

ALTHOUGH he bores me rather, I confess,
With that unsexed young woman, his
Princess :
Three days on bread and water, and a sound
Whipping, had brought the brainsick hussy
round.

III.

THE trumpets pealed—I heard the fond
philanthropist declaiming,
I heard the burgher reckon up the cost of
shot and shell,
And burgher and philanthropist were both
agreed in blaming
The fearless heart and steady hand by which
the thing befell.

But light indeed the ledger weighed, when in
the scale I threw it,
And faith and pride the other side impelled
the balance down,
And small the cost itself appeared, though
shallow souls may rue it,
To all the loss and all the wrong that rend
a falling crown.

To the other sadder turning. This world is full
of sorrow,
And pure thy heart and high thy aim,
though sorely bent astray ;
Of a just and generous people 'tis not the part
to borrow
The happiness of future time for a little
peace to-day.

With us, with no barbarian horde, the hope of
earth reposes,
And our life, our strength, our office we
may not now resign,
Nor shun, while wrapt in savage gloom the
course of Freedom closes,
The clatter of the Calmuck drum, the
tyrant's charging line.

With that the trumpets louder pealed. I
turned from greed and folly,
And knew, while gathered fast around a
people's righteous rage,
That the heart of a great nation is a thing
more wise and holy
Than the day-book of the merchant, or the
vision of the sage.

IV.

HE, the more splendid brother of my soul,
Divinely on thy shores, Italia, sang:
There glows his memory where thy waters
roll,
There floats his music where thy moun-
tains hang.
And when the Apennine with sudden
clang
Of thunder wakes the sleeping vales below
Who but remembers in what hearing rang
That voice of old; and where bright rivers
flow,
Or Tuscan woods are green, he is where'er we
go.

V.

GLADSTONE.

NOT trusting, as a proud man wills to do,
In the clear brain and the commanding
view,
But passion-swept, and ever prone to cry
With each new whim.

VI.

(?) JOHN BRIGHT.

"SIR, the conclusion startles and amazes.
We cannot understand." "Then go to
blazes.
Fools are ye all, but far the greatest he
Who damns himself by contradicting me."
"He said not so." True, but the words
present
With perfect accuracy what he *meant*.

VII.

UNTO all other men the grace that each
Deserveth, and a light word to the world ;
But to the singer whose sweet descants teach
Freedom and Love—bright beams in gems
impearled :

Who cheers a land where nothing else delights,
And with his pure and heavenly music robs
The days of weariness, of fear the nights,
Charming the dim air full of cries and sobs,
What gift of thanks shall I return,
Or vainly in what vase inurn

Ashes not ashes, that have lived anew ?
Shall these weak verses keep,
When I am wrapt in sleep,
The power unspent that breathes my spirit
through ?

It needeth not : yet let me rhyme, and trust
This flame shall oft incend a nobler dust.

For to myself I would not arrogate
The crown that few deserve and many claim ;
Let me not share the contest and the hate,
Nor need to cavil without cause to blame :

And more than all, let me not seem to raise
With thee a rival or an envious brow,
Who art the theme of my delight and praise,
Befriendest ever, and inspirest now.
As fits a rougher mind and mould,
On flat laborious courses rolled
The wheels of life go slowly round for me,
And scarcely I desire
The white ethereal fire,
Whereof what spark within my frame may be
Doth in its passing heats too fiercely glow
For the abode it hath, the pale of snow.

Yet never may I lack the power to hear—
To hear, and feel, and bless the music high
Wherewith thy starry peaks are echoing clear
Not earthward, but up-poured toward the sky.

.

Thou wast not more than human : this our fate
Forbade, and Heaven's immutable decree ;
But with earth's troubles early vexed and late,
And erring, sinning, mourning even as we :
So much let none that honours rightly hide,
But rather say—He fell, he suffered sore :
Hardest by this was his bright spirit tried ;
Ah, for his sorrows let us love him more !
Too brave he was, too swift and keen,
For this perplexed and checkered scene ;

He smote too blindly in a glorious cause.
 This was but youth's deceit,
 And haste of misled feet;
Were the laws worthier, he had loved the
 laws.
And for the rest—she whom he left to die
And foes unanswered charge: enough—not I.

By what he did amiss, let men be taught—
 By what he suffered, be his pardon won:
He was not so received for all he brought
 That now his faults the world should look
 upon.
'Tis time his country for the gifts he gave
 Should pay due praise, who paid the blame
 of old,
And this with requiems of a nobler stave
 That he his bounty weighs not with our
 gold.
 So sweet in many a changing mood,
 Now high in heaven, now grief-subdued,
The melody he made is round us still,
 And solacing our path,
 And soothing pride and wrath
The immortal notes through kindred spirits
 thrill,
Teaching our petty cares as slight as brief
The flesh that bears them, but a fading leaf.

No man hereafter shall the rights despise
Of the crushed multitude, the silent tongue :
These were beheld by shadow-chasing eyes,
And to mankind in loftiest accents sung.
Such hymns triumphant peal along the age
Of Islam gathering to the sacred strife,
Of Virtue mightier than the tyrant's rage,
Of Truth unwounded by the traitor's knife :
And this their boast for all to know,
That arms or craft may overthrow,
But unextinguished shall their light revive ;
That blood in fury spilt
Doth doom imperial guilt ;
That fallen on evil days, the just shall thrive,
And Freedom, welcomed by new hosts afar,
Rise up victorious in a wider war.

.

All songs of shame surpassing and of woe,
Fulfilled of these, but pity more than both,
Italian voices, wailing shrill and slow,
Lament the dread sin and the nameless
oath.
Most tragic of all tragedies—she stands,
Sad child of doom, with Heaven-accusing
face,
Her frenzied eyes and parricidal hands
With sickness and with terror fill the place.

Enough, the gloomy vision fades,
And fast by mountain groves and glades
Down dancing streams the wizard maiden flees,
Not with his ruddier light
The sun her sire more bright,
Nor on its unseen wings more swift the breeze.
She smiles, soft-melting in the haze, and we
Stand doubting what new splendour we shall
see.

But Grief resumes the lyre, and bending first
With mournful prelude o'er the breathing
strings,
Then pours confusion in a rapturous burst
Of scorn upon the viper-brood that stings
By night, and in the daylight is not seen,
But only on the grass the beauteous slain :
Worthy the dead of loftiest song had been,
And worthy him the proud melodious strain
In strength and sweetness blended well,
Sad to lament, and proud to tell
How pure the life, how far o'er fate's assault,
And musical to bear
Sweet comfort to despair
With tale of bright thrones in the heavenly
vault,
Where dust, and all things of the dust, are past,
And far below the pains of earth are cast.

Thus in all songs my singer doth excel,
And gratitude is due for every one ;
Yet as a cliff mounts in one pinnacle
And a chief hour of lustre hath the sun,
So, haunter of all hallowed regions, best
I love thee in thy cloudless native height,
Where, from all fear and sorrow having rest,
Thy words are golden, as the skies are
bright.

There like some calm pellucid fountain
That mirrors on the aery mountain
Hues that no river can restore below,
So shadowless of pain,
And pure from every stain,
The waters of thy song divinely flow :
Whereof who drink are conscious that they share
Themselves the nature of that finer air.

Thou hast been at my side for many a year,
May thy bright presence never thence
depart ;
Nor will it, if in toil and strife I bear,
As thou hast taught, a clear and equal heart.
Still shalt thou solace, as so oft before,
The hour of darkness with ethereal song ;
Still shall thy hand denote the happier shore
Whence thinnest mist doth yet divide us
long.

And so, when hindering thorns offend,
And the tired spirit doubts the end,
And curses deep the barren ways around,
Thyself not scorning these
Shalt make the prospect please,
With light illuming all the narrow bound :
For weariest exiles build a faith serene
On pledges of some noble change of scene.

VIII.

I HAVE loved women, like the flowers
Of which I have not sung.

IX.

AS ye all know, I do not greatly care
Whether the common herd applaud and
stare :
Or ere my hand is felt, my influence known,
I through the veils of the great void am gone.

X.

(Some English gentlemen, resident at Pisa, amused themselves during a recent winter thus : Each would select a few lines, not in common quotation, from a celebrated author, and place these, with others written in imitation of them by himself, before the company, who did not always succeed in discerning the original. On the only occasion that Mr Warden could be persuaded to attend—for he had an aversion to such literary exercises—he brought the following lines :—)

I HATE ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunken-
ness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.¹

Thou art appealed of black ingratitude :
Where that vice is, no nobleness can be.
'Tis the pre-eminent and proper sin
Of devils, and who justly bears the charge
Shall have his portion with them.

¹ *Twelfth Night*, Act III. Scene iv.

XI.

WHERE, crouched upon the northern bound,
Death's watchman, monstrous Himalay,
Pulls to the chin his shroud of snow,
And smiling grimly, doth survey
The red glare of the lands below.

XII.

Quippe quæ mulier.

UNDER the diamond bow
The sorrowful seasons pine :
Just six sorrowful months ago,
The words we had whispered soft and low
Lost themselves in the eglantine.

And the moon reneweth her light,
And the spring-tide cometh in song,
But a wounded bird is weak for flight,
And that thing never shall blossom right
Whose seed, ah me ! was sowed in wrong.

None giveth again such love
As the love that I pledged to thee,
When the kindled cloud was our torch above,
On a summer eve in a sunset grove,
Under the whispering greenwood tree.

Ah, the swift sweet passionate hours,
How terribly fast they fled !
And I rose up from the leaves and flowers,
Homeward passed through the scented bowers,
With a flame for ever in heart and head.

And thou—rememberest nought
Of passion or beauty now
—The beautiful sky with the sunset fraught,
The golden warmth of each beautiful thought,
The close embrace, or the murmured vow.

Just Heaven decreeth it so.
I was not worthy of thee :
I must sorrow alone, but know
Thou art wiser and stronger thus to go
Far hence, from passion and sorrow free.

Yea, go thou forth in sound and light,
And I will watch thee afar,
For a frail faint reed hath enough delight
That once in the wild and windy night
'Twas touched and kissed by a wandering
star.

Such a memory, kindling deep
 The fires of the life below,
 Shall strengthen each fibre and nerve to keep
 Their steadfast hold, when the whirlwinds
 sweep
 Unchecked o'er the water with hail and
 snow.

And oh, perhaps in the unknown days
 When death comes fast on the heaven
 and plain,
 When the head of the Godhead is stretched to
 raise,
 And Wisdom fulfils ineffable ways,
 The reed may be kissed by its star again.

XIII.

A LOYALIST AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

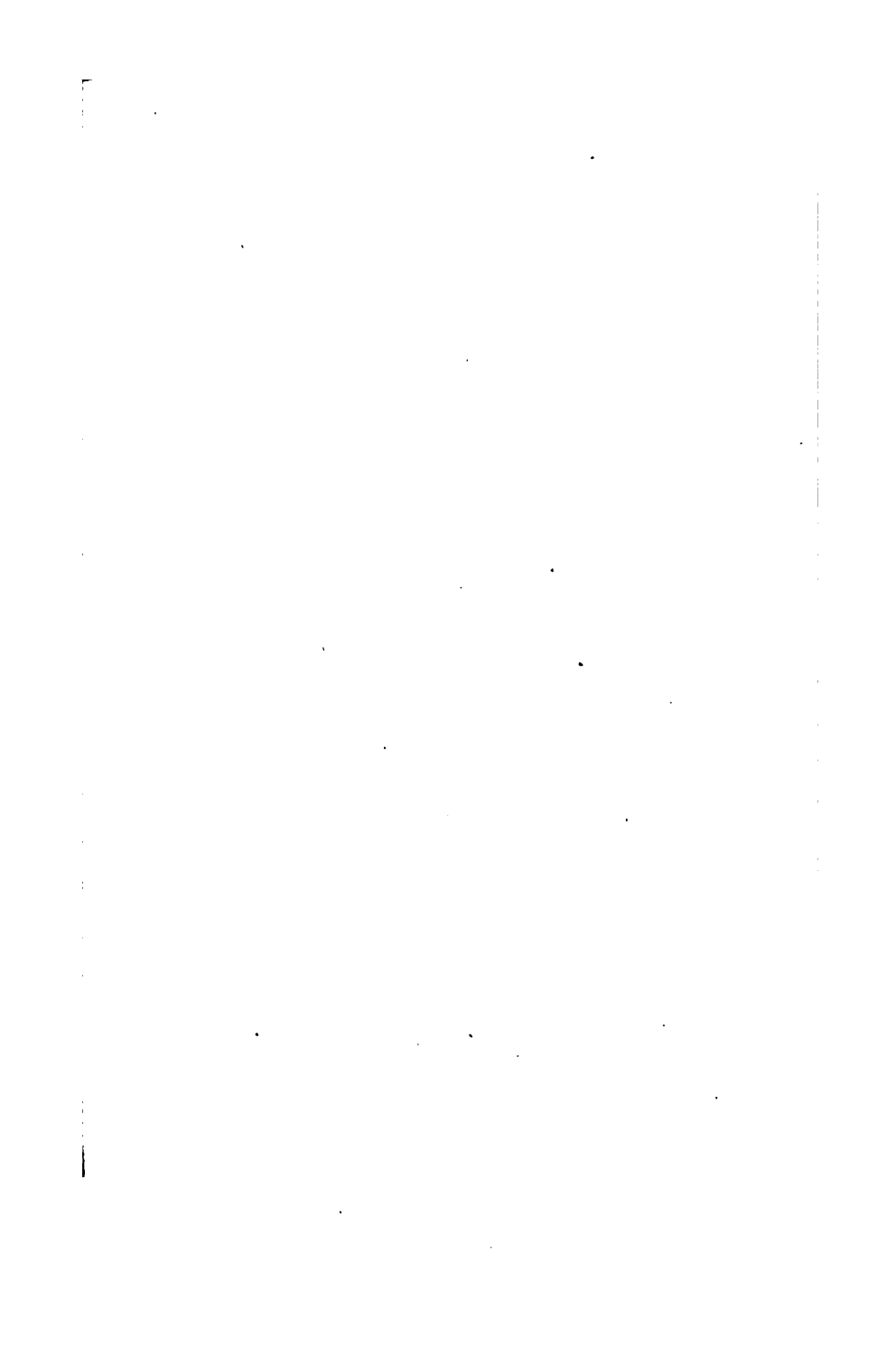
“**R**EST, André's murderer, in thy honoured
 grave
 Declaring well the worth of mortal fame.
 Nobler than thou how many a slave
 Sleeps in his virtues, a forgotten name.
 But here Success has made the nations tame!

.

“His aim was to preserve,¹ as thine to rend ;
He ever sought to save, as thou to slay ;
He was a true man and a faithful friend,—
Thou brokest from thy faithful friends
away,
And like a forest wolf didst ever prey
Insatiate, on the gentle and the just—
For were not these thy betters ?—Still
to-day
Thou liest, as all vice and virtue must :
Rest ! but I turn in scorn, and spurn the
ignoble dust.”

¹ Lincoln.

THE END.







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